

# GREEN LAMA

APR. 1945  
TEN CENTS  
NO. 4  
FDC

**THE  
GREEN  
LAMA**

**DIVE BOMBS  
JAPAN**

**TOKYO**

*Plus-*

BOY CHAMPIONS ★ RICK MASTERS  
ANGUS MAC ERC ★ LIEUT. HERCULES





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# GREEN LAMA

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JOSEPH GREENE

Editor

MAC RABOY

Art Editor

Layout and Lettering by  
RHODA LEWIS

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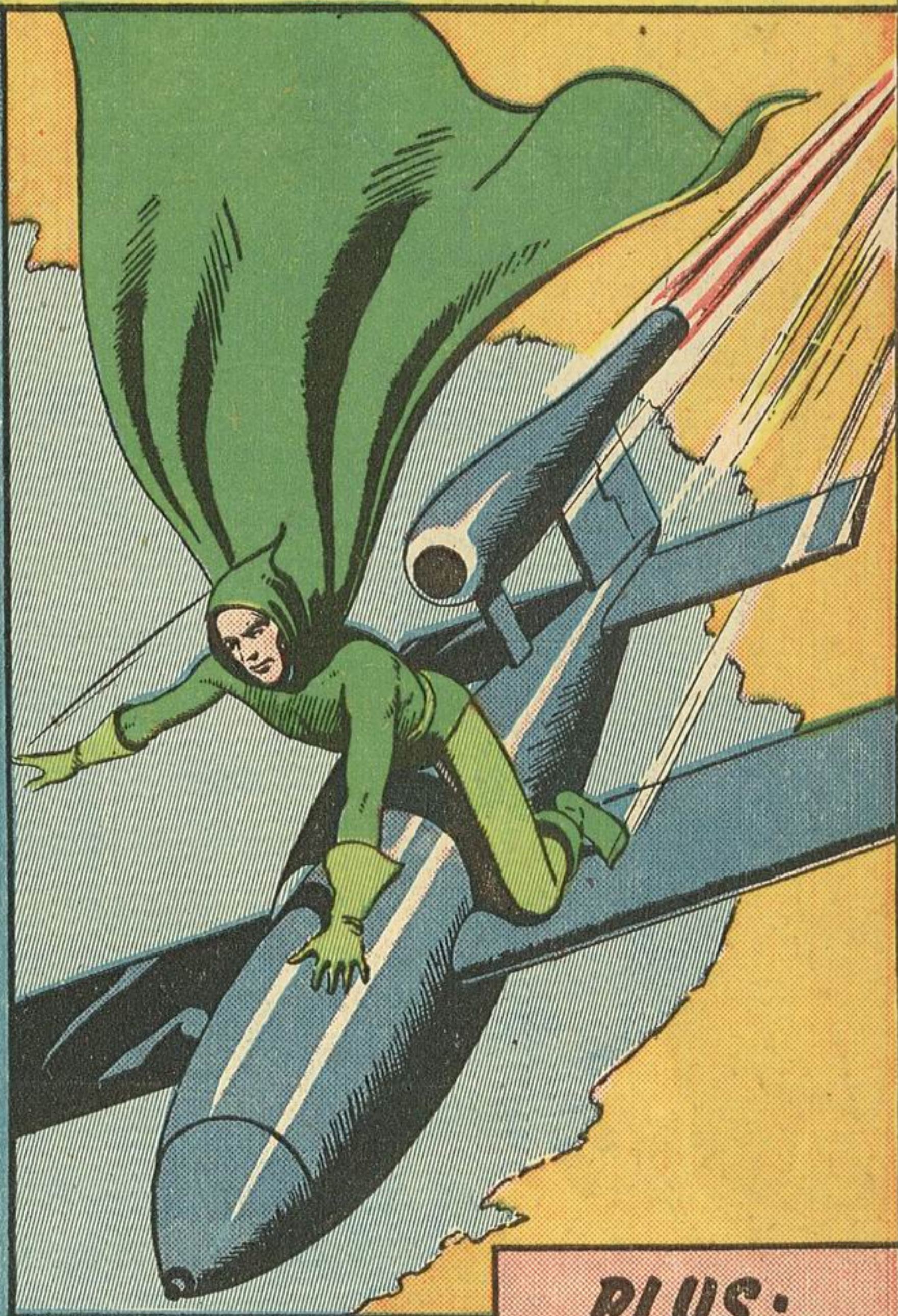
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THROUGHOUT THE WORLD THERE ARE MEN...  
MEN OF EVIL... WHO COWER WITH FEAR WHEN  
THEY HEAR THE TALES OF A MIGHTY AVENGER,  
CLAD IN GREEN, WHO SWOOPS FROM THE SKIES  
BRINGING JUSTICE! THUS DO THE SONS OF  
HEAVEN COWER WHEN...

"The GREEN LAMA  
BOMBS  
TOKYO!"

Art by MAC RABOY.  
Story by RICHARD FOSTER.





*The GREEN LAMA'S MAGIC PHRASE ---*

**OM MANI PADME HUM!** MEANS:  
**HAIL, THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS**  
**FLOWER!** AND SEPARATED, THE LET-  
TERS ALSO STAND FOR THE SACRED  
COLORS OF TIBET! --- **OM** MEANS WHITE;  
**MA** MEANS GREEN; **NI** MEANS YELLOW;  
**PAD** MEANS BLUE; **ME** MEANS RED;  
**HUM** MEANS BLACK!



OUR STORY OPENS WITH JETHRO DUMONT AND TSARONG, HIS TIBETAN SERVANT, IN THE OFFICES OF THEIR CLIPPING BUREAU---

WELL, TSARONG, THINGS SEEM PRETTY QUIET SINCE OUR FRIEND FALSTAFF WENT TO JAIL!

IT IS WRITTEN, MASTER, THAT THE FORCES OF EVIL NEVER REST!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT, TSARONG--AT LEAST, ACCORDING TO THIS STORY FROM THE BATTLEFRONTS...

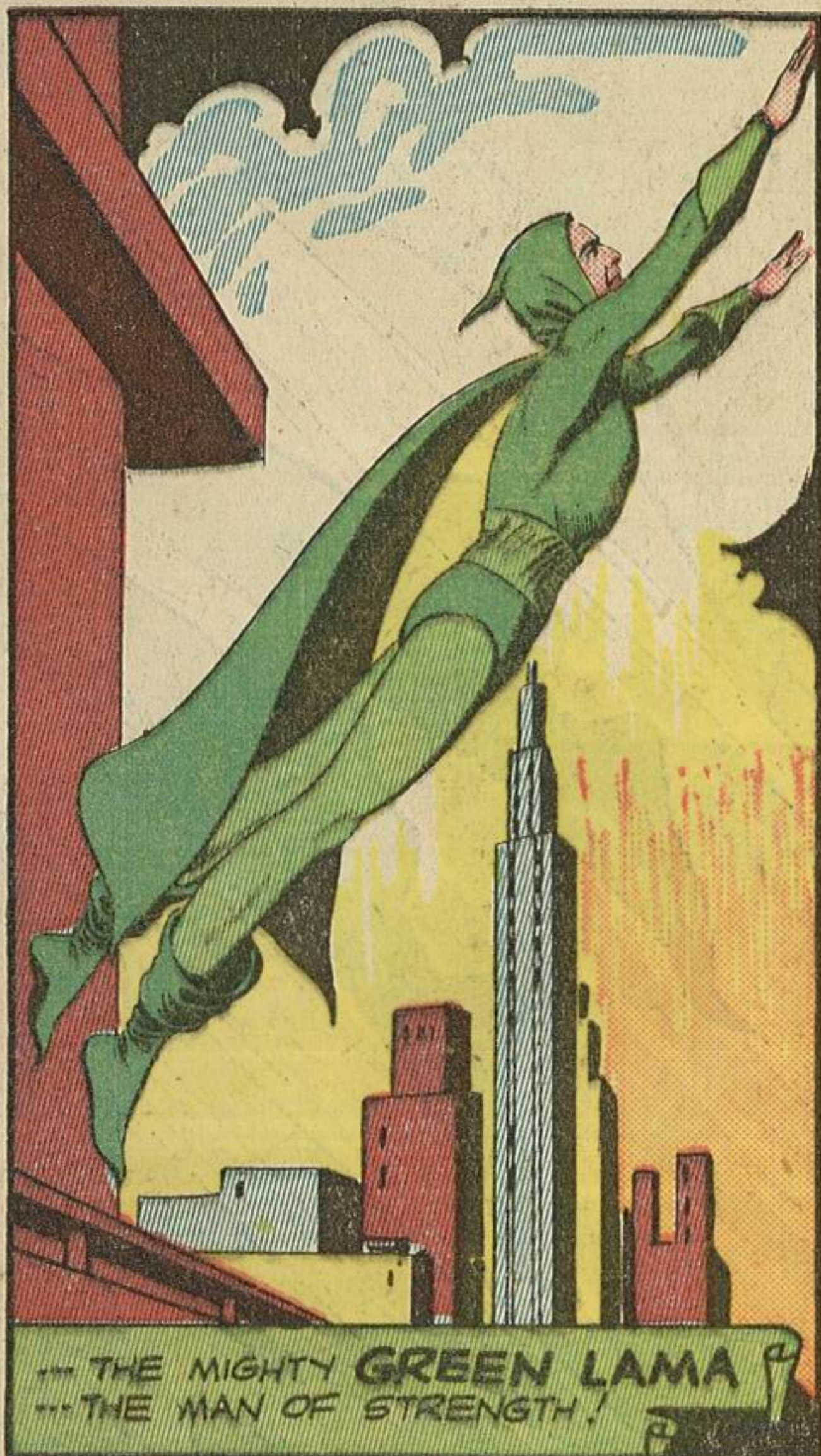
THE JAPS HAVE LEARNED HOW TO MAKE HITLER'S ROBOT BOMBS AND THEY'VE BEEN USING THEM AGAINST OUR SOLDIERS IN THE PACIFIC!

SONS OF NIPPON LEARN EVIL TRICKS QUICKLY!



WHILE IT IS TRUE THAT COUNTRIES MUST WIN THEIR OWN BATTLES OR THEY WILL LEARN NOTHING FROM THEM, I THINK THE **GREEN LAMA** MIGHT TAKE A HAND HERE! ... OM MANI PADME HUM!

THE MAGIC TIBETAN WORDS ECHO FROM A STRANGE TEMPLE HALF WAY ACROSS THE WORLD, TRANSFORMING JETHRO DUMONT INTO---

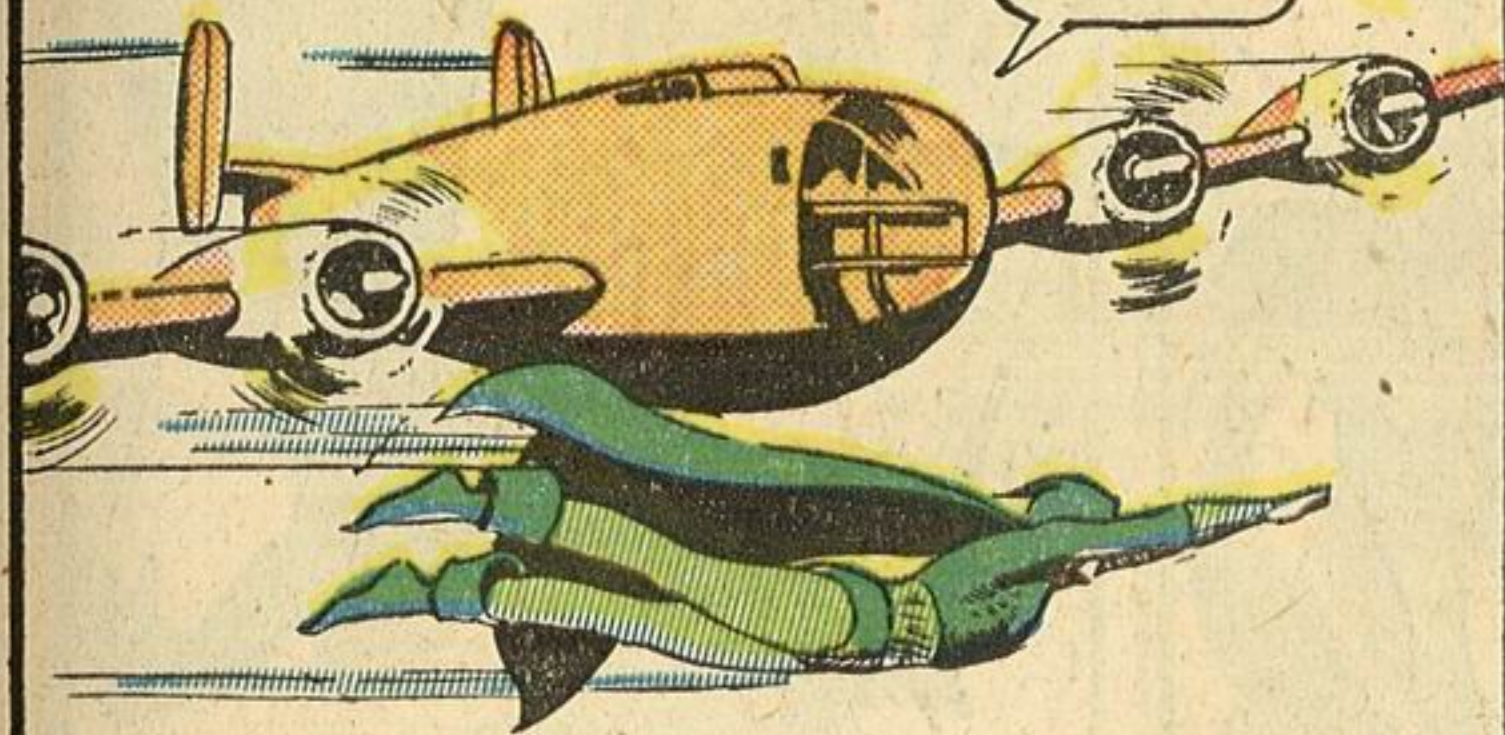


... THE MIGHTY **GREEN LAMA** ... THE MAN OF STRENGTH!



THE GREEN-CLAD AVENGER FLASHES ACROSS AMERICA--AND THEN OVER THE PACIFIC--AT AN INCREDIBLE SPEED--

WHAT THE--?



---LANDING A FEW MINUTES LATER ON AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC!

HIYA, FELLOWS!



HEY! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS! IT'S THE **GREEN LAMA!**

**ATTENTION!** TAKE BATTLE STATIONS! ROBOTS ON THE WAY! TAKE BATTLE STATIONS!



I GUESS I'LL GO UP AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT THOSE ROBOT BOMBS, BOYS!

I JOINED THIS MAN'S ARMY TO FIGHT AND ALL I DO IS COOK FOR THESE G.I. JOES! AND MY GIRL SAYS BRING ME A SOLVENIR!



I'LL SEE IF I CAN BRING YOU A SOLVENIR! STICK AROUND, JOE!





I'LL JUST TURN A FEW  
OF THESE AROUND,  
AND THEY CAN CRASH  
OUT AT SEA!

THIS IS PRACTICALLY  
LIKE HERDING CATTLE!  
GET ALONG, LITTLE  
DOGIE!

MIGHT AS WELL GIVE  
THE BOYS A LITTLE FIRE-  
WORKS WHILE I'M AT IT!

I MUST REMEMBER  
TO BORROW SOME OF  
THESE ON THE FOURTH  
OF JULY!

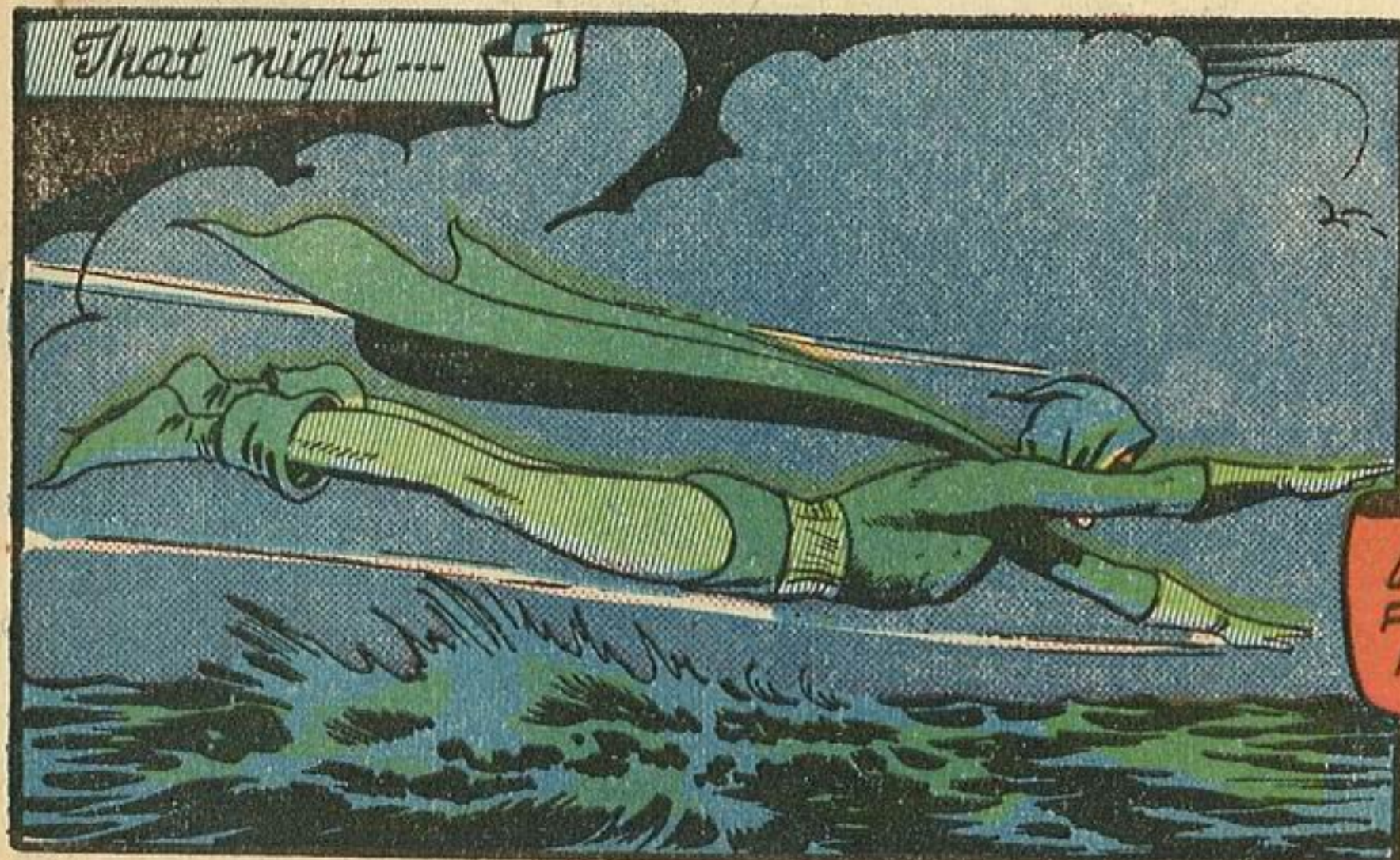
I PROMISED THAT  
ONE SOLDIER I'D  
BRING HIM A SOU-  
VENIR!

SO I GUESS I'LL RIDE  
THIS ONE IN! THIS OUGHT  
TO SATISFY HIS SOUVENIR-  
COLLECTING TASTES!

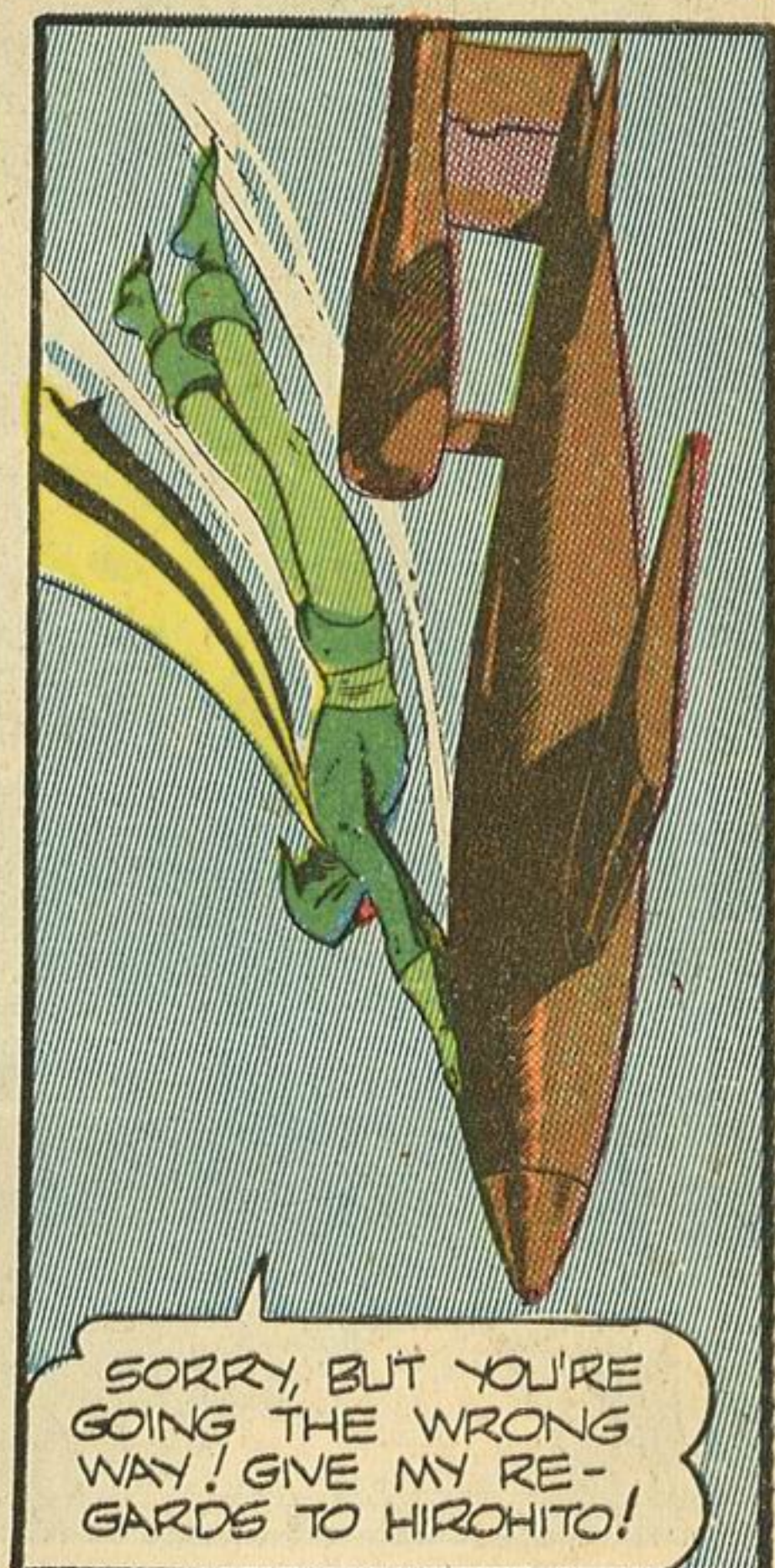
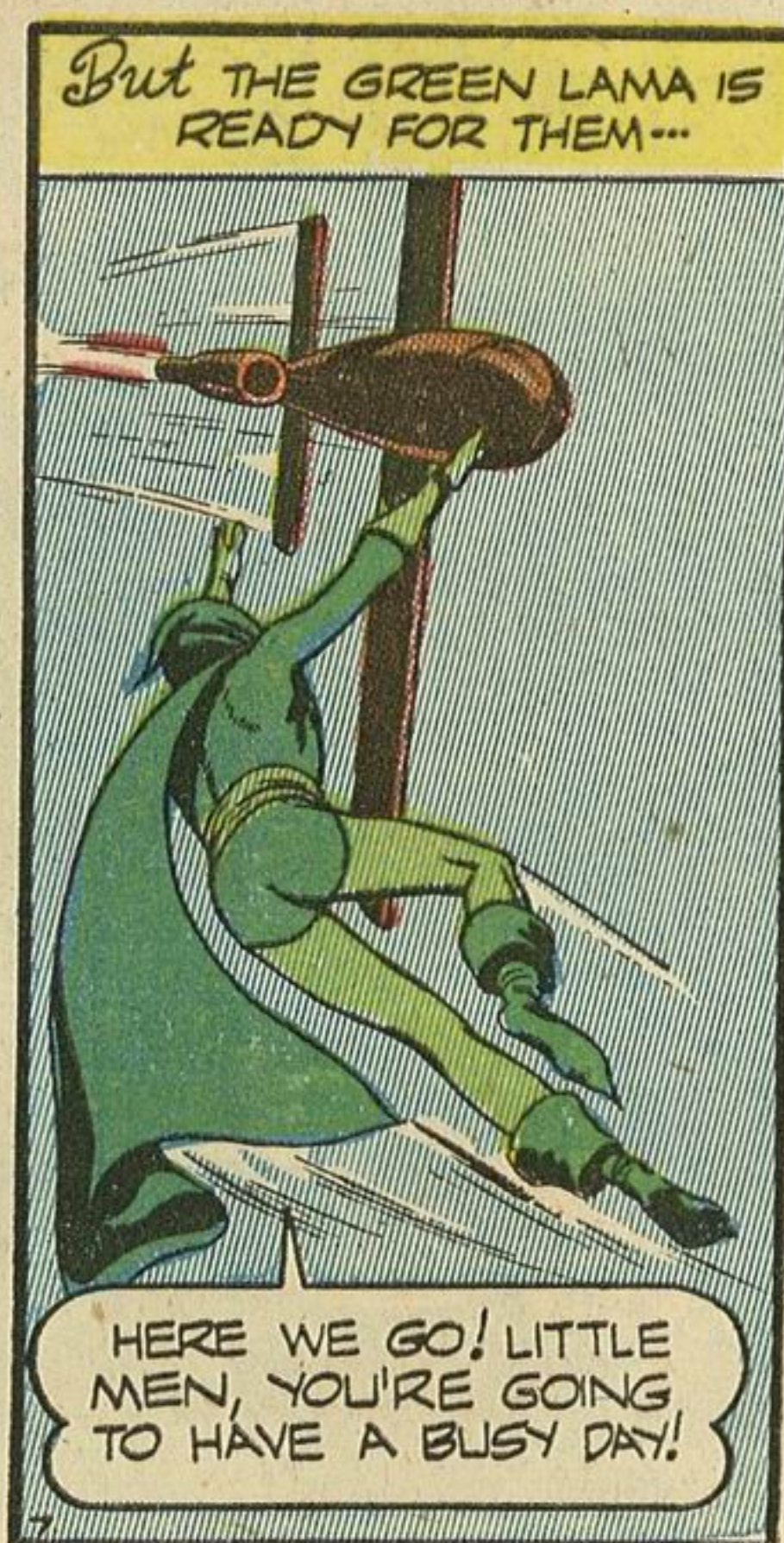




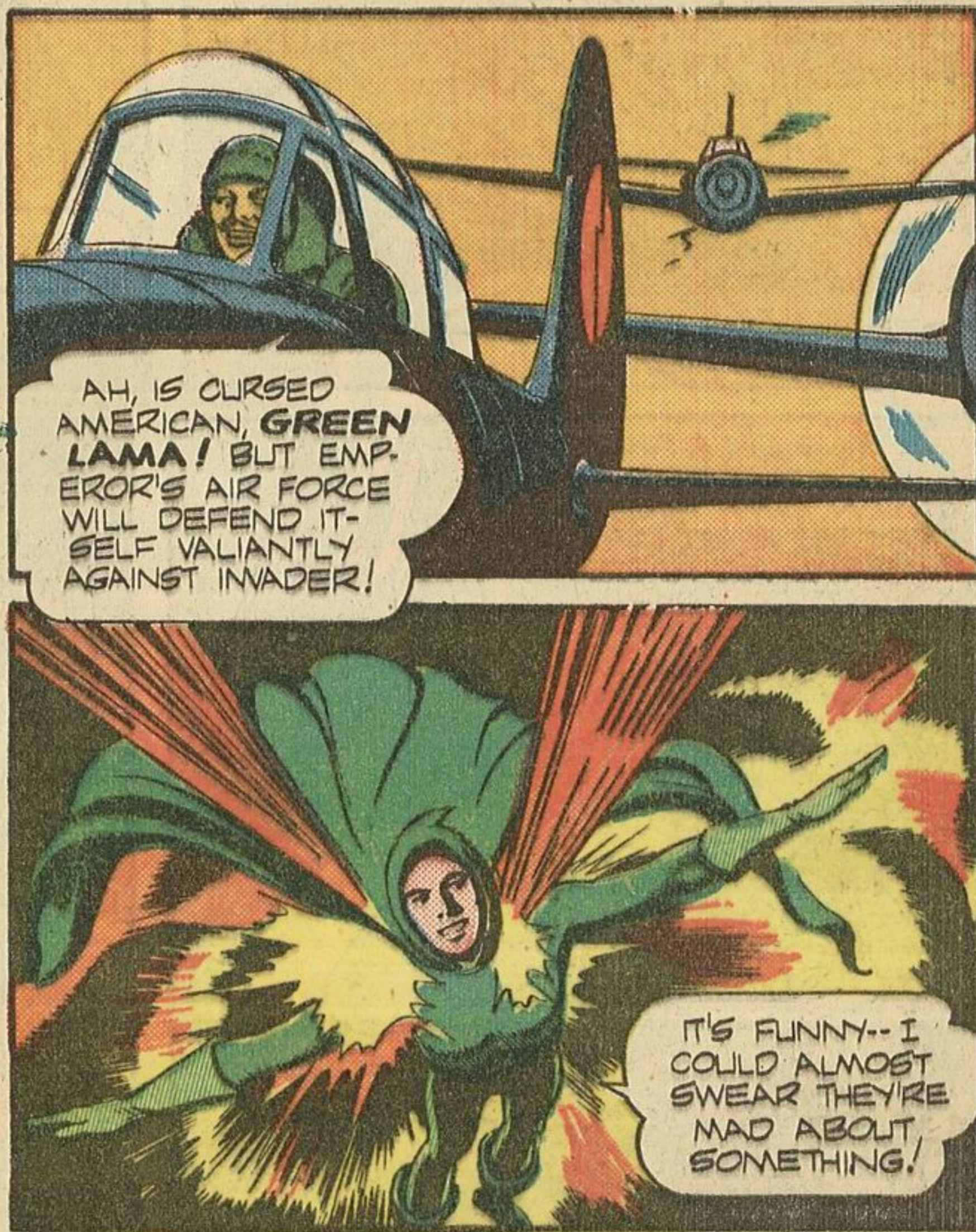
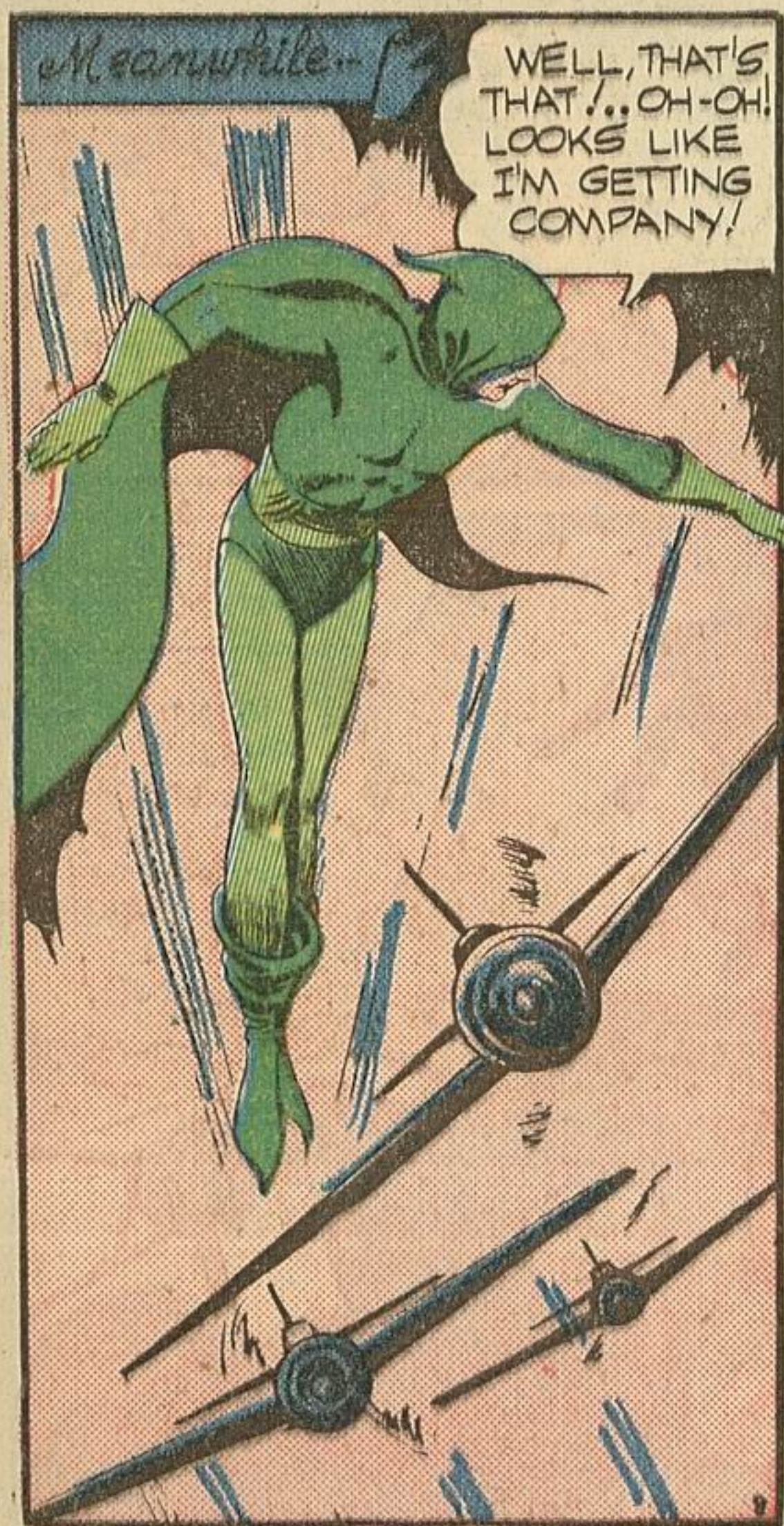




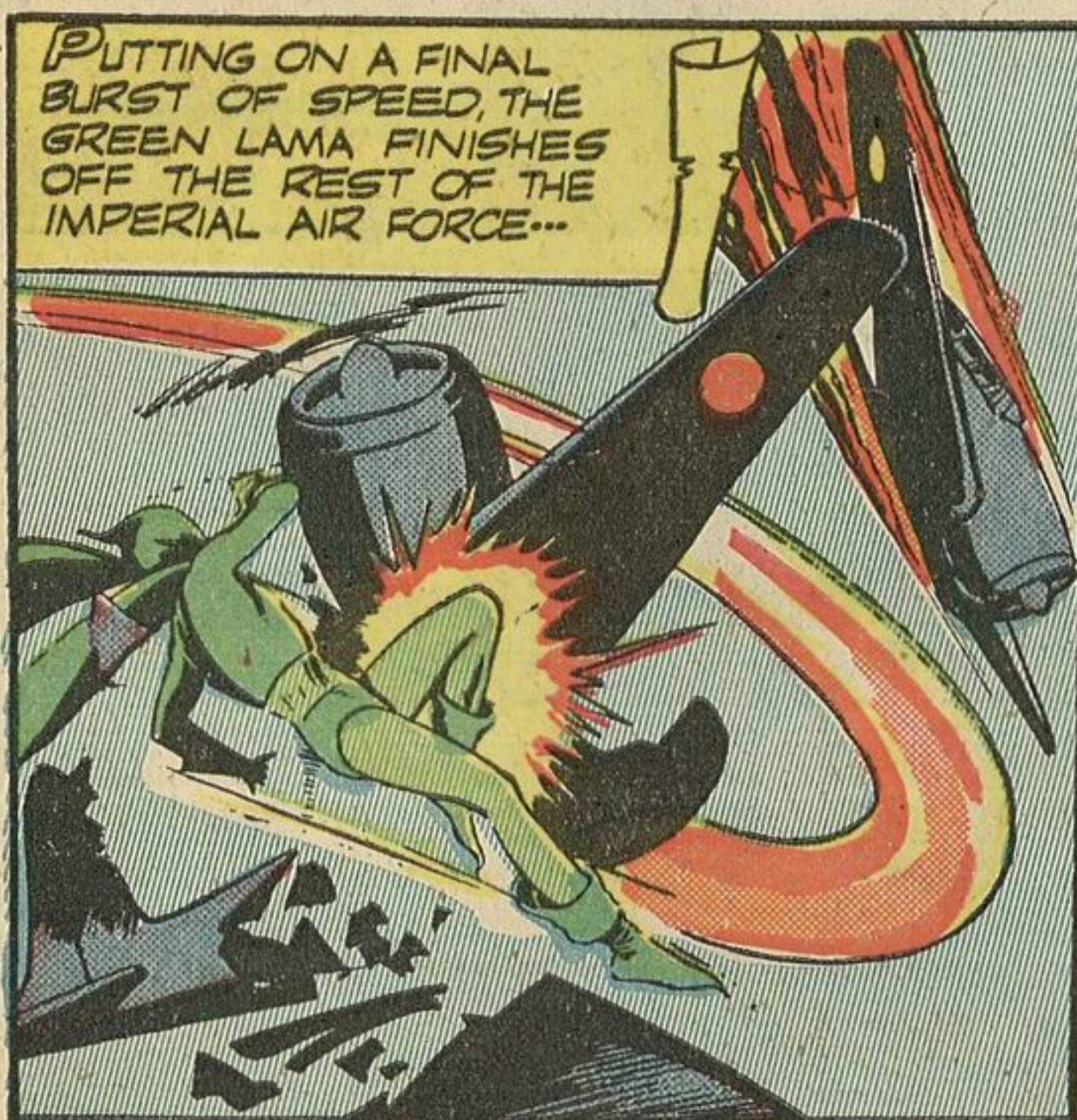
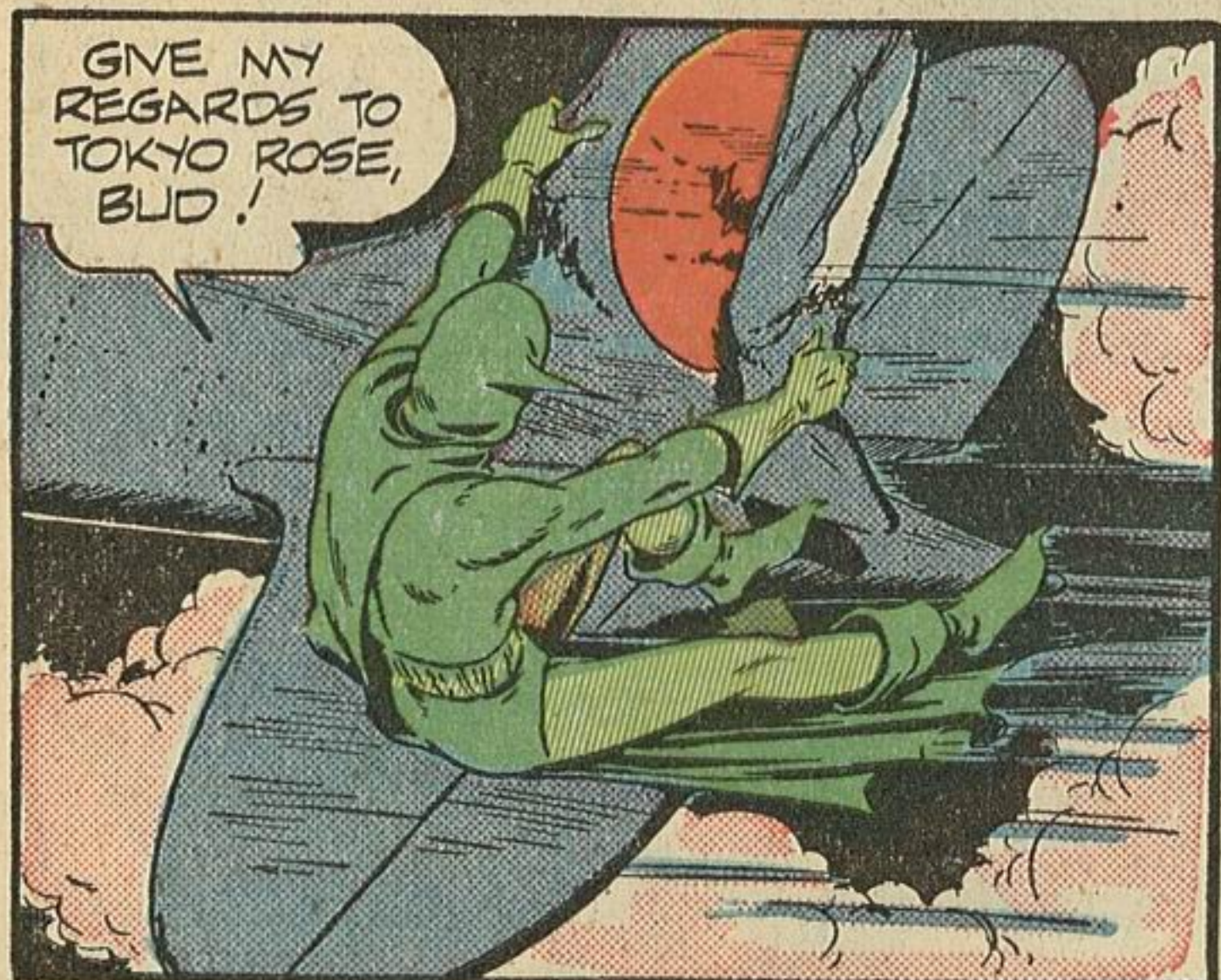
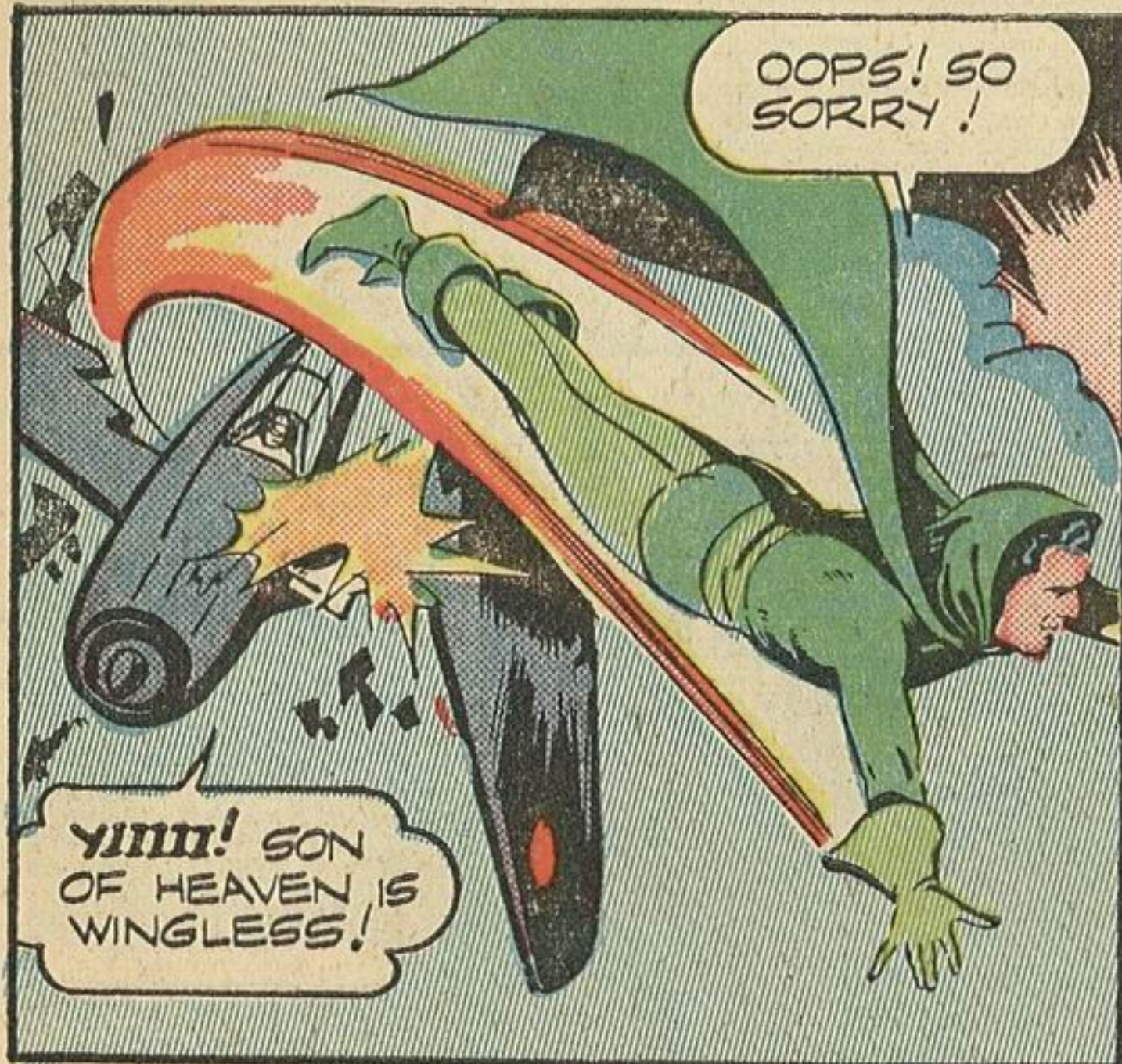
AND THE  
FOLLOWING  
MORNING



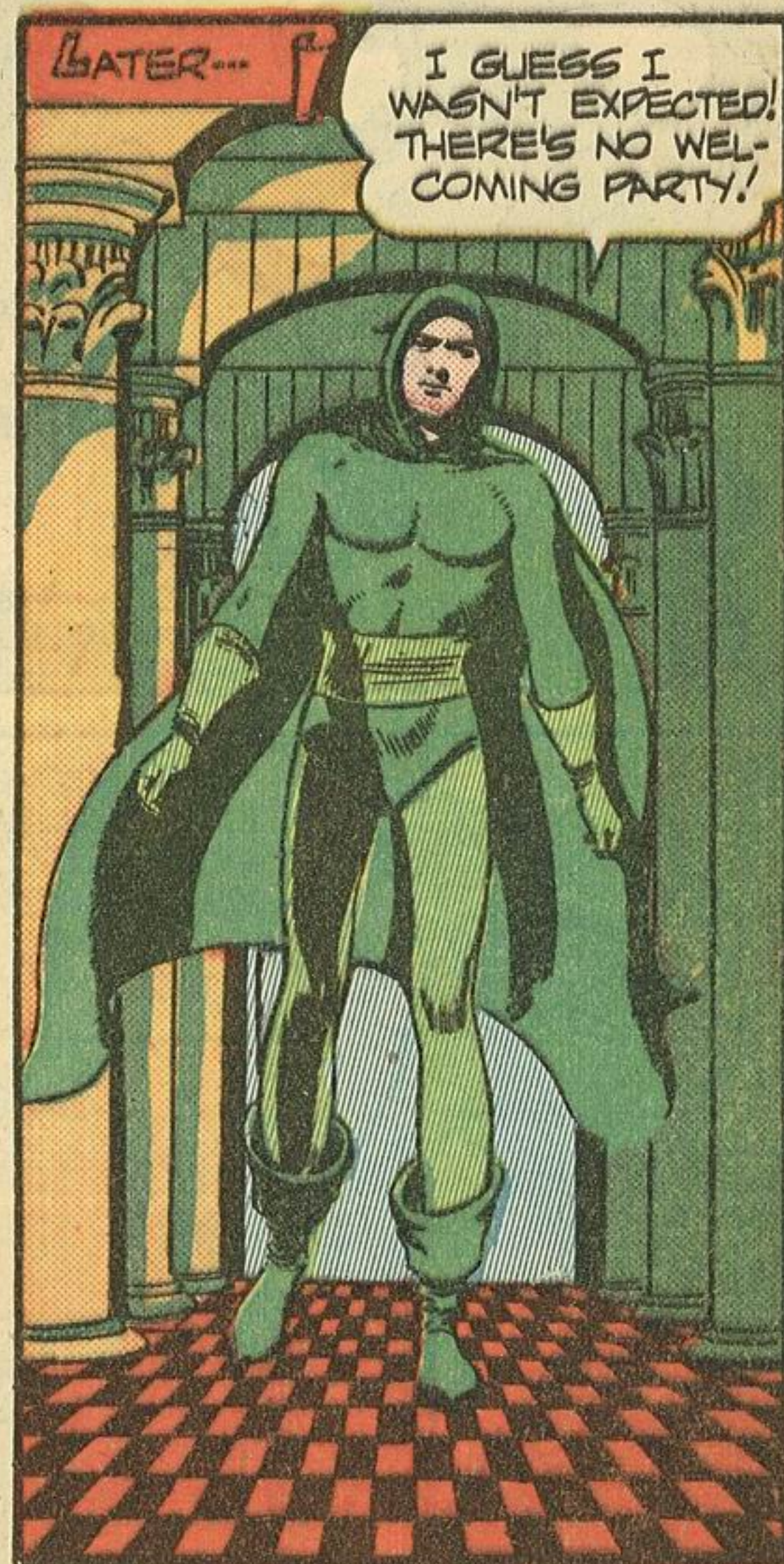




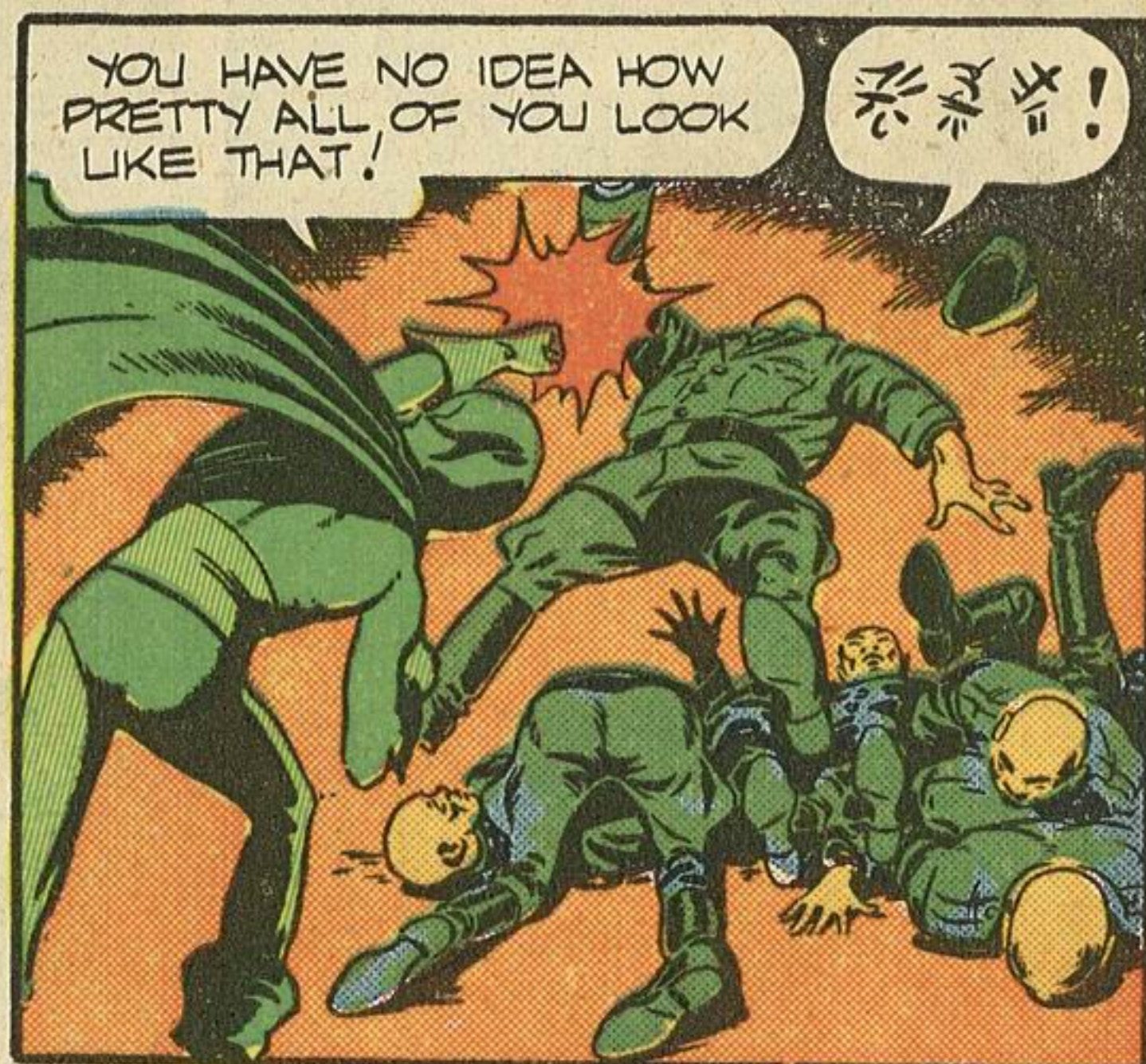




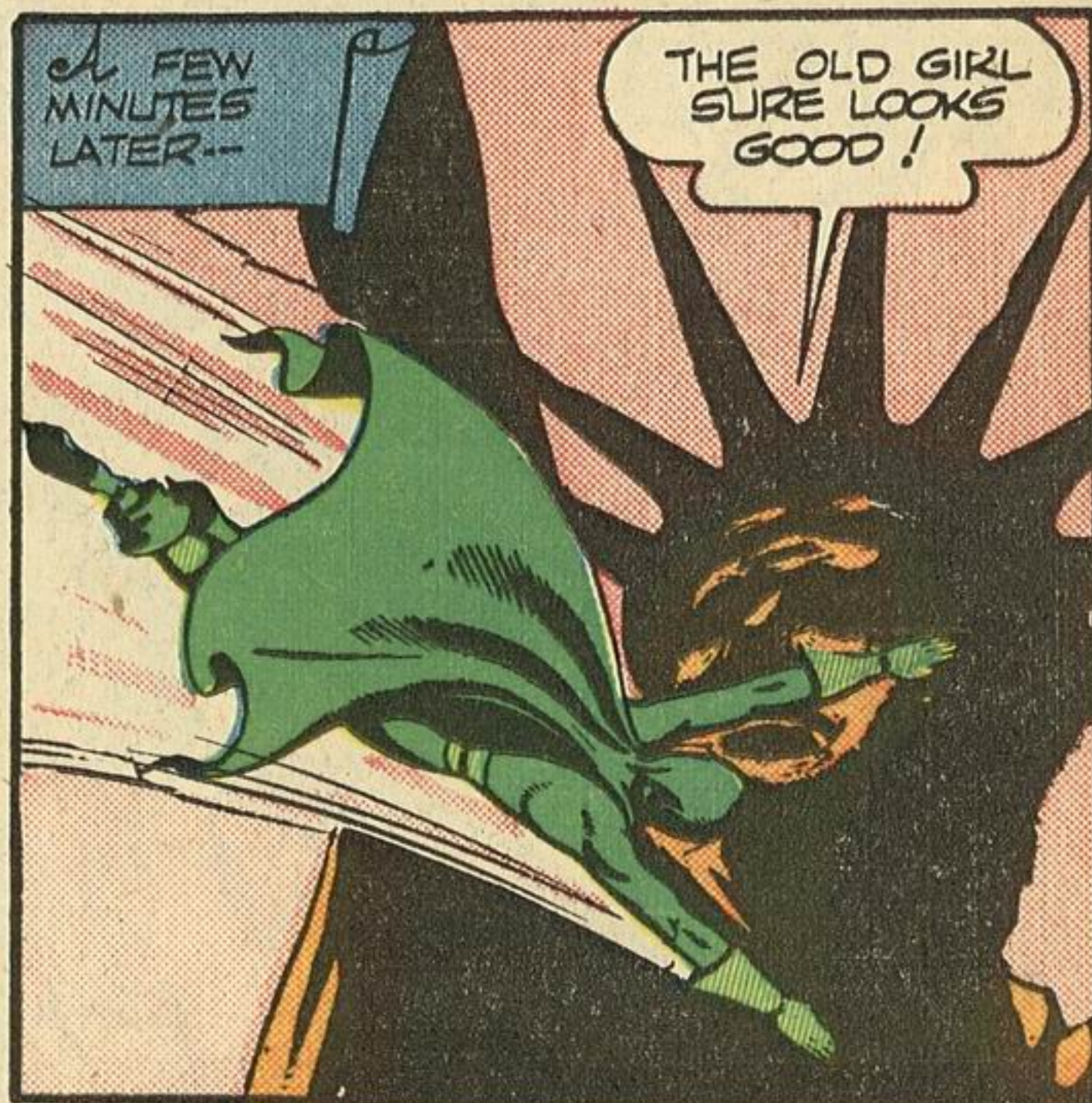
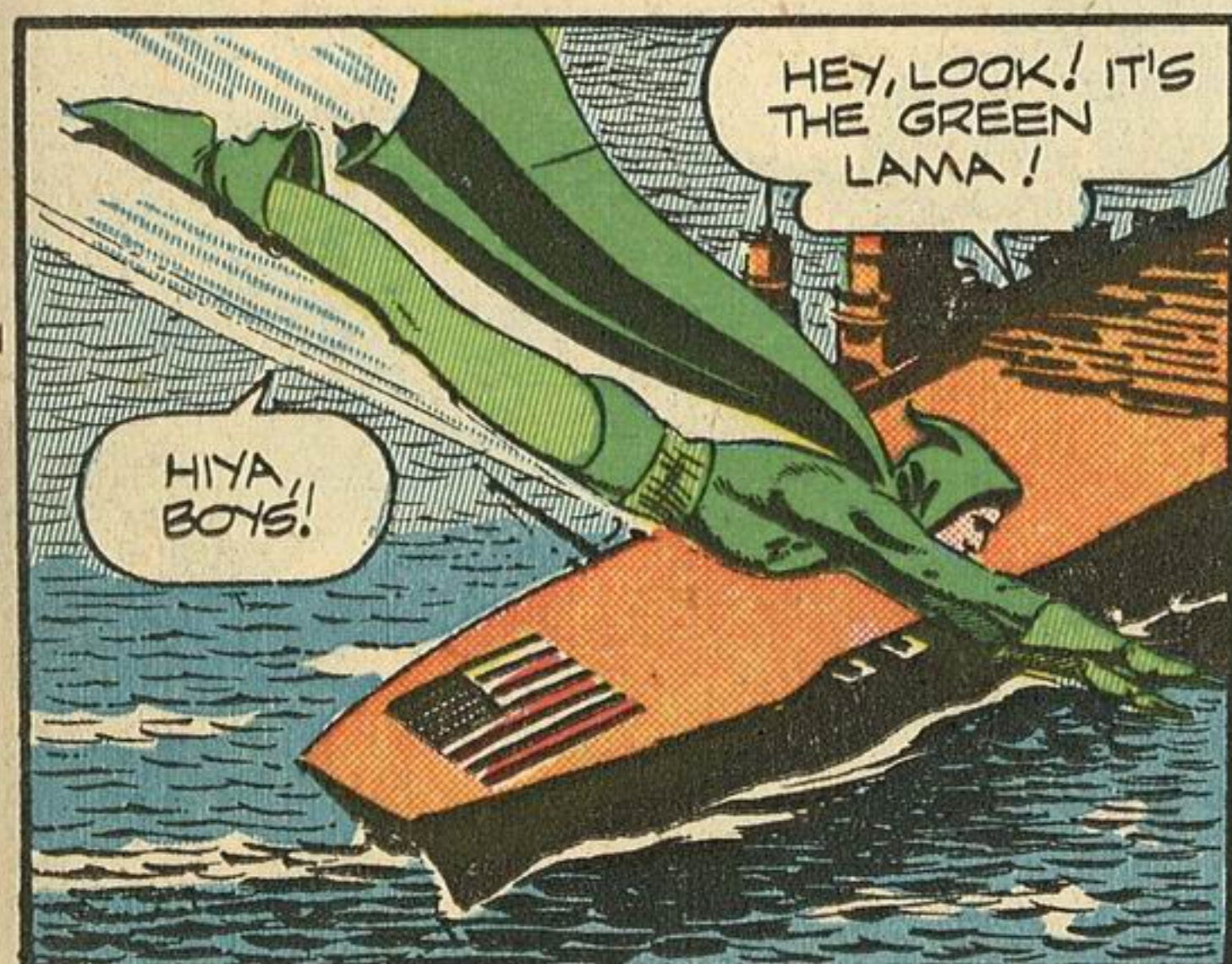














# The Boy CHAMPIONS

WAS THE OLD PROVERB  
RIGHT IN WARNING-- NEVER  
TAKE A BULL INTO A CHINA  
SHOP? TWO BETTING GENTLE-  
MEN DIDN'T KNOW... AND HIRED  
THE BOY CHAMPIONS TO  
SETTLE A WAGER! AND TUFFY,  
MICKEY AND WELLINGTON  
TOOK ON THE TOUGHEST JOB  
OF THEIR ADVENTUROUS CAREER  
WHEN THEY LEAD--

**"A BULL into a  
CHINA SHOP!"**

ART BY  
JERRY  
ROBINSON  
STORY BY  
JOSEPH VERDY



**THE BOY CHAMPIONS'** BUSINESS OF DOING ANYTHING--- FROM MINDING A BABY TO MANGLING THE TOUGHEST CROOK--- IS BOOMING AS NEW CUSTOMERS APPEAR AT THEIR SHACK---

ARE YOU LADS THE BOY CHAMPIONS? WE WISH TO HIRE YOU FOR A SPECIAL JOB...

YOUSE GUYS HAVE COME TO DA RIGHT PLACE! WE'RE DA CHAMPS AND WE'LL TAKE DA JOB WIDOUT NO FOLDER QUESTIONS!

BUT BEFORE WE UNDER-TAKE TO PERFORM WHATEVER SERVICE YOU WISH, WE FIND IT IMPERATIVE TO HAVE FURTHER INFORMATION!

CERTAINLY! YOU'VE HEARD OF THE OLD PROVERB, **NEVER TAKE A BULL INTO A CHINA SHOP?** MY FRIEND, "BETCHA" BENNY AND I HAVE A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ON WHAT CAN HAPPEN!

I SAY THAT THE BULL WILL BREAK UP THE SHOP...

OH, YEH? WELL, I'M BETTING 100 GRAND THAT NOTHING HAPPENS!

AND YOU GUYS WANT US TO SETTLE THE BET?

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'LL PAY YOU TEN DOLLARS TO TAKE A REAL BULL INTO A CHINA SHOP!

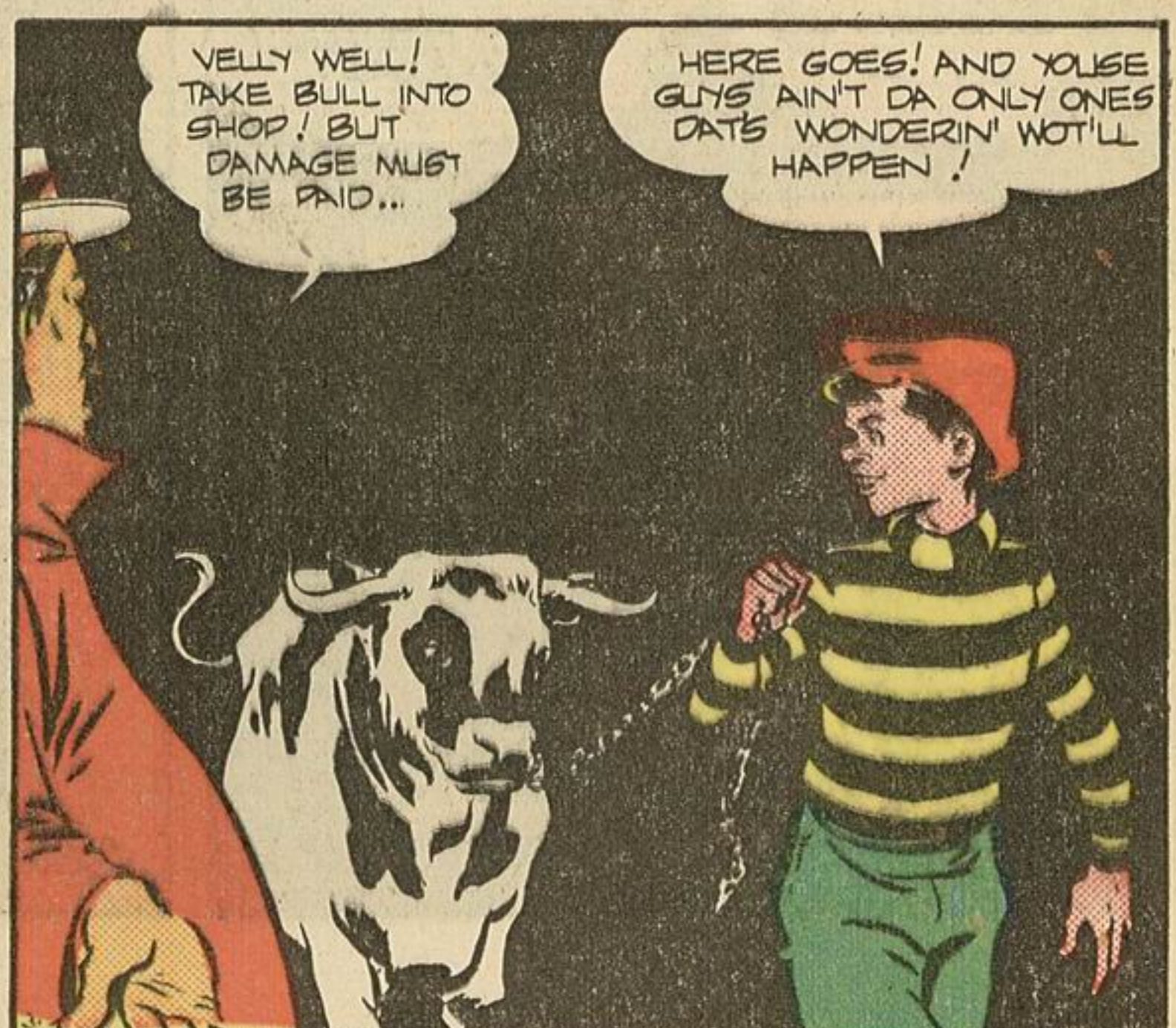
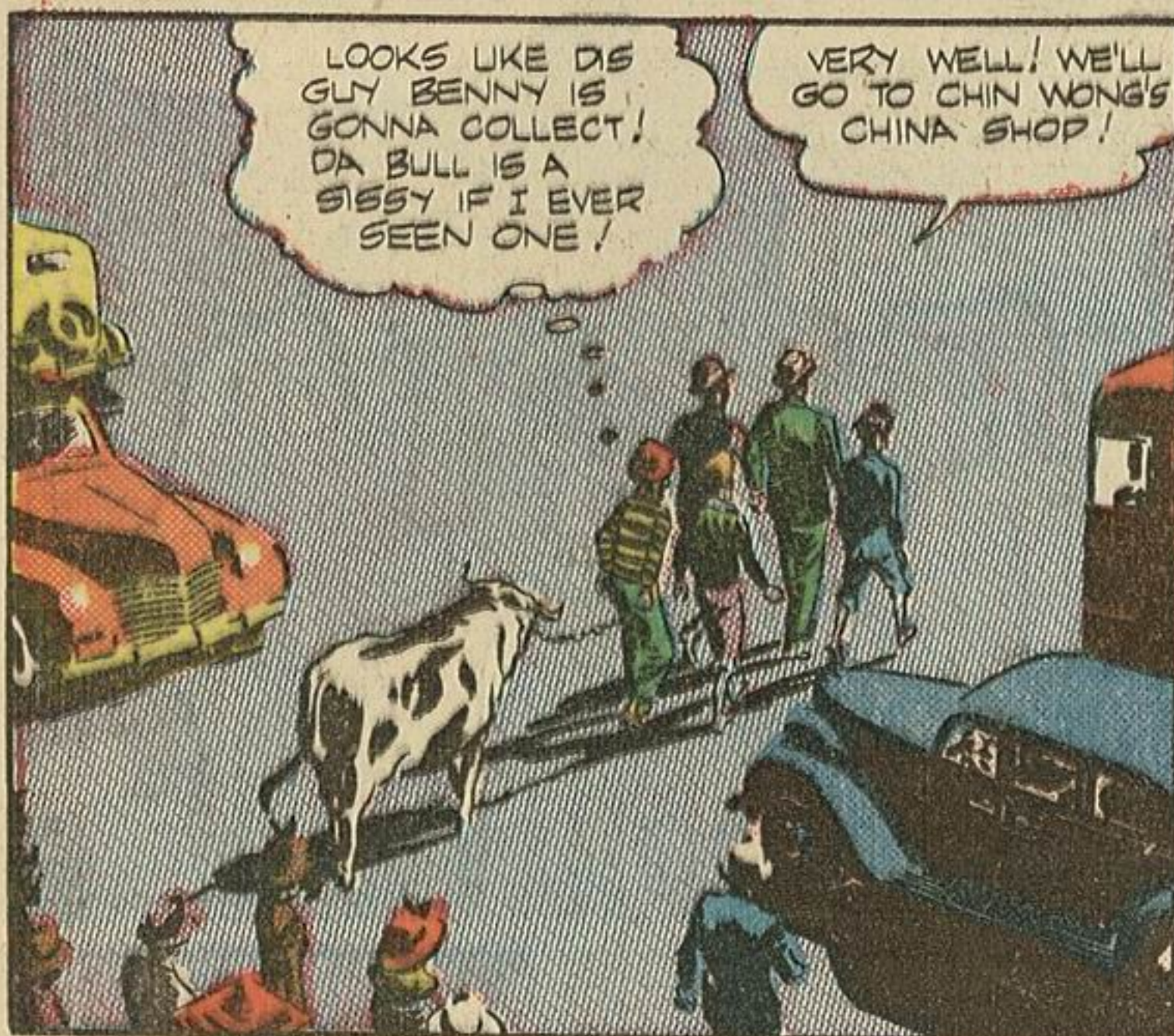
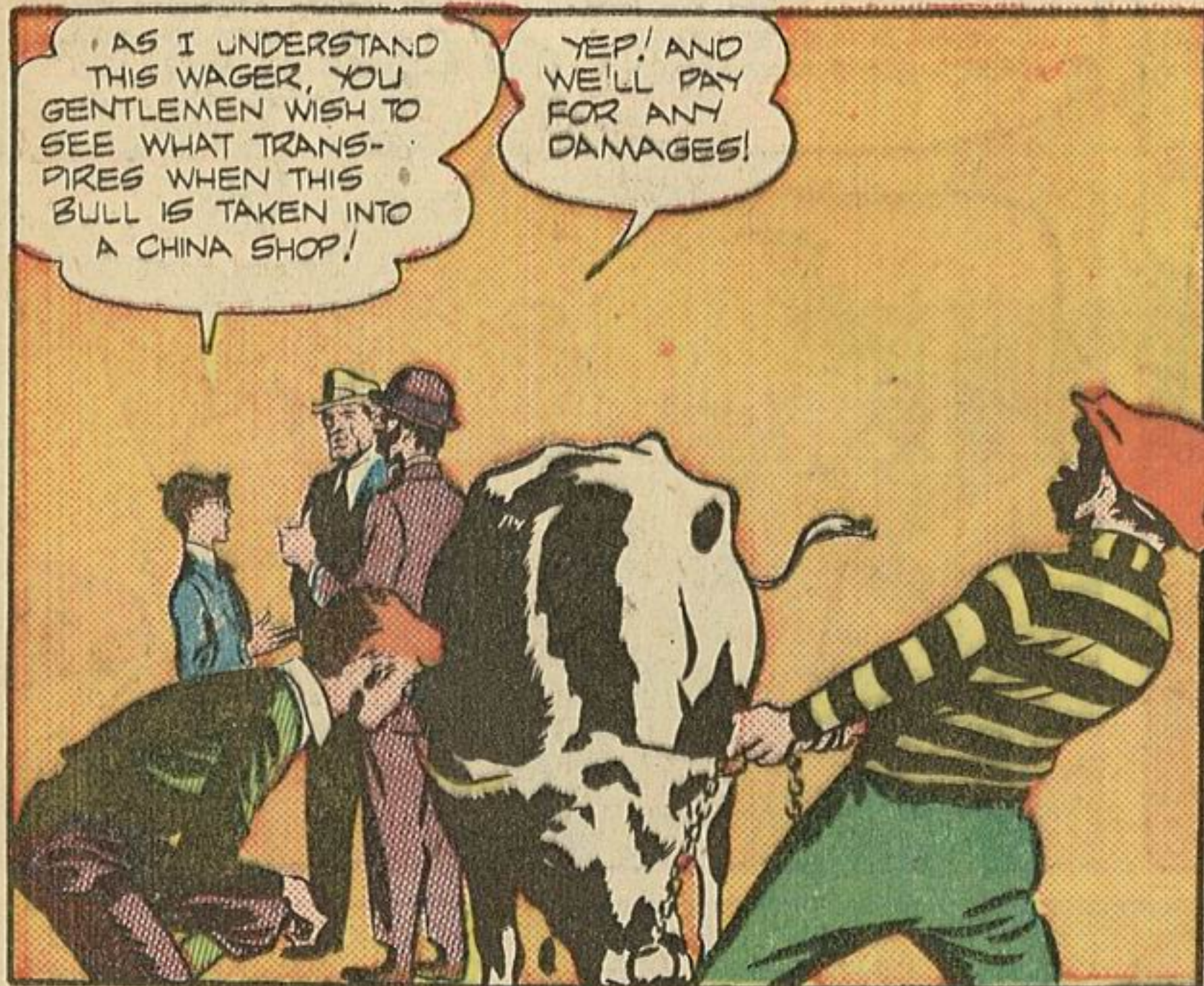
OKAY, MR. KRAT. IT'S A DEAL... BUT YOUSE'LL HAVE TO SUPPLY THE BULL---

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU LADS! WE'RE PREPARED TO SUPPLY THE BULL! **OKAY, BENNY...**

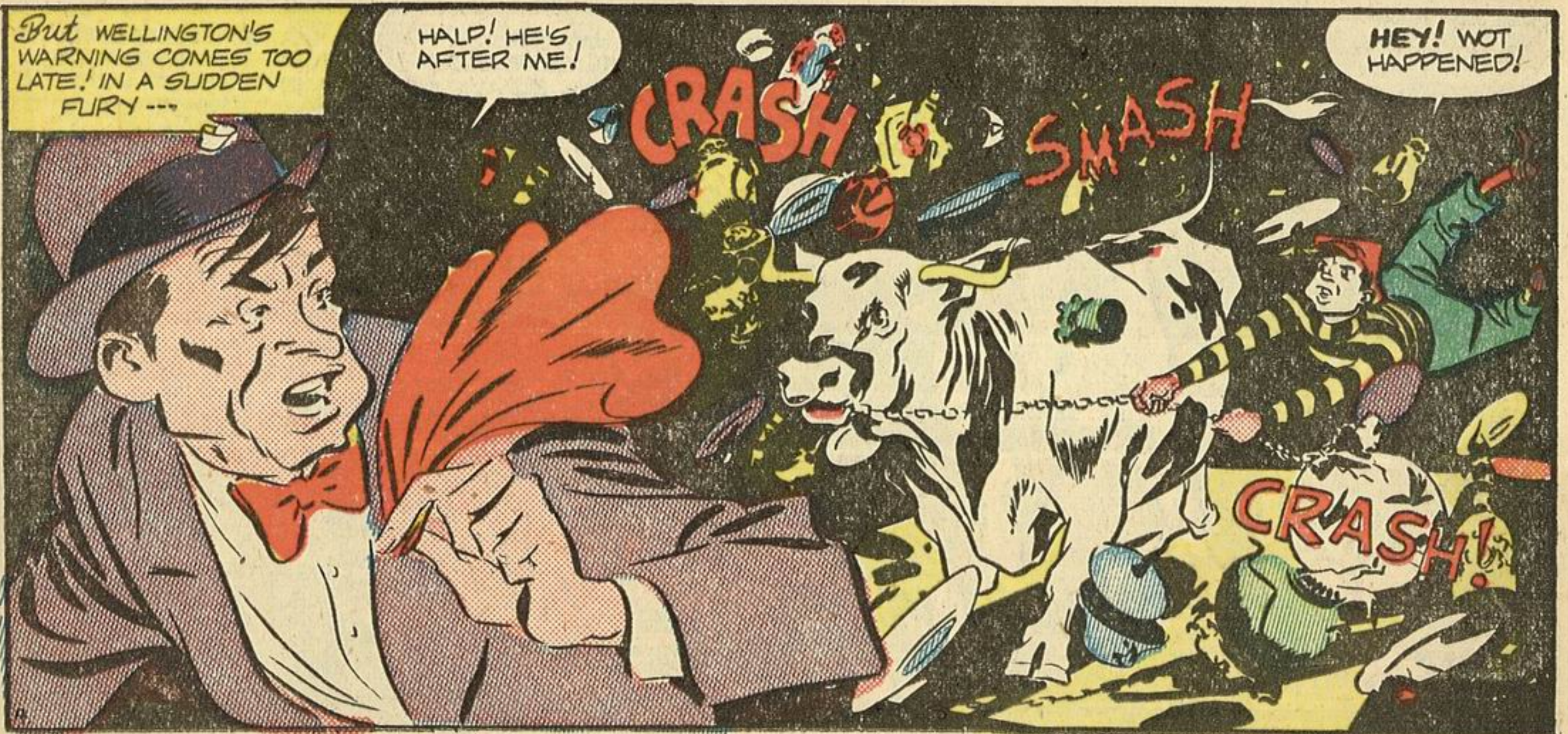
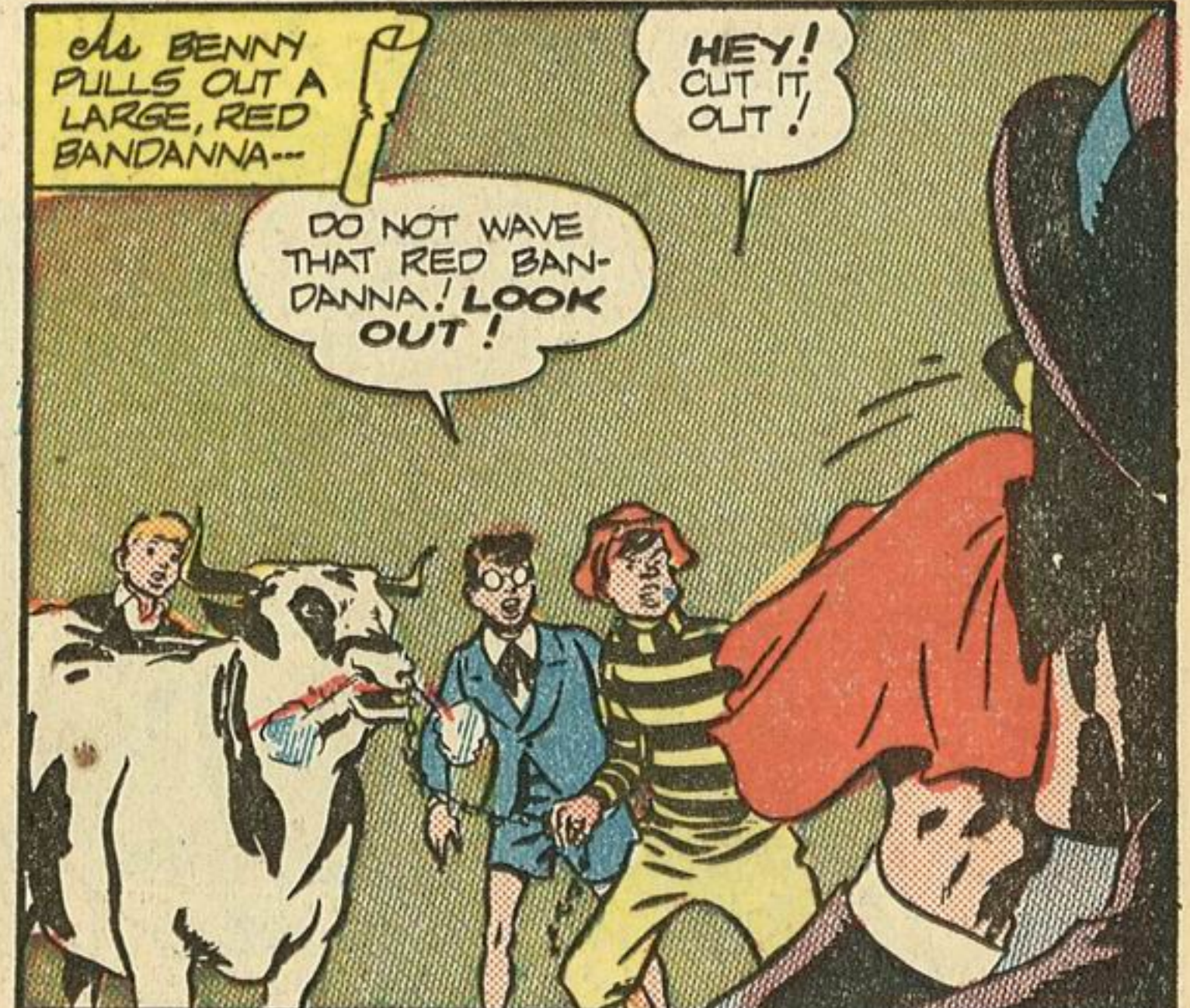
DIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH! I'LL HANDLE DA BULL!

**ULP! IT IS A BULL! HE--- HE LOOKS FIERCE!**





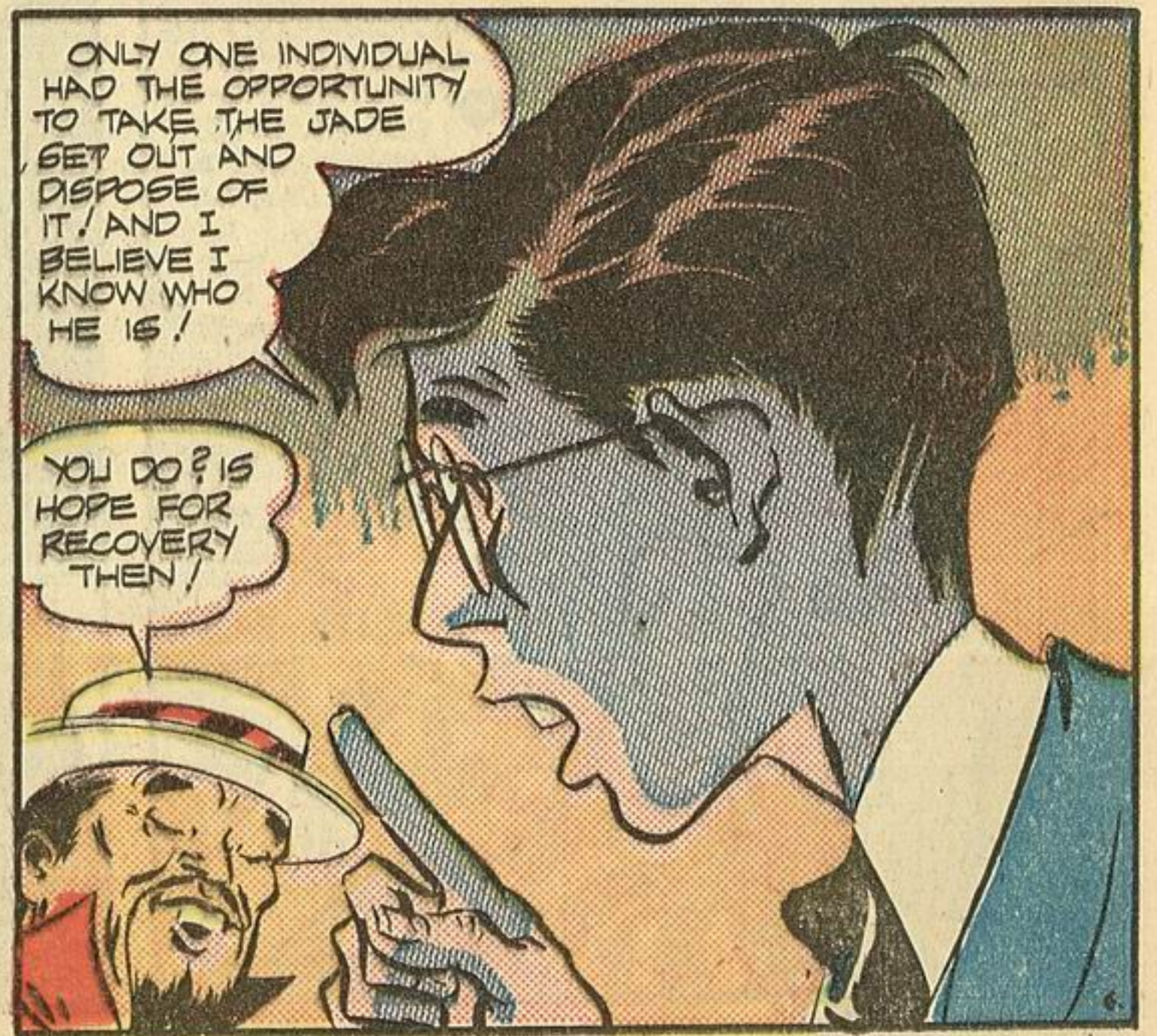




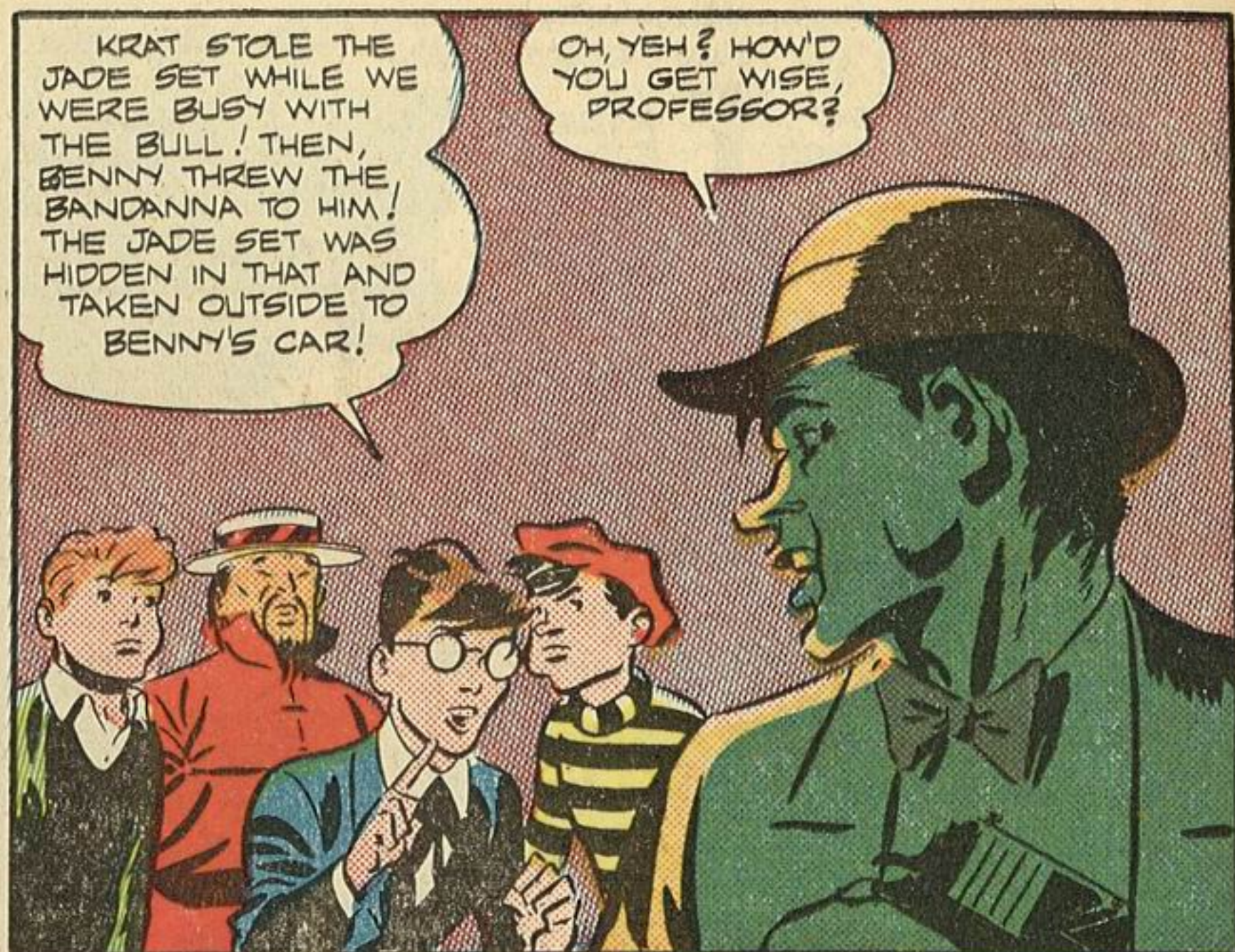


**WELLINGTON SMITH TO THE RESCUE!**



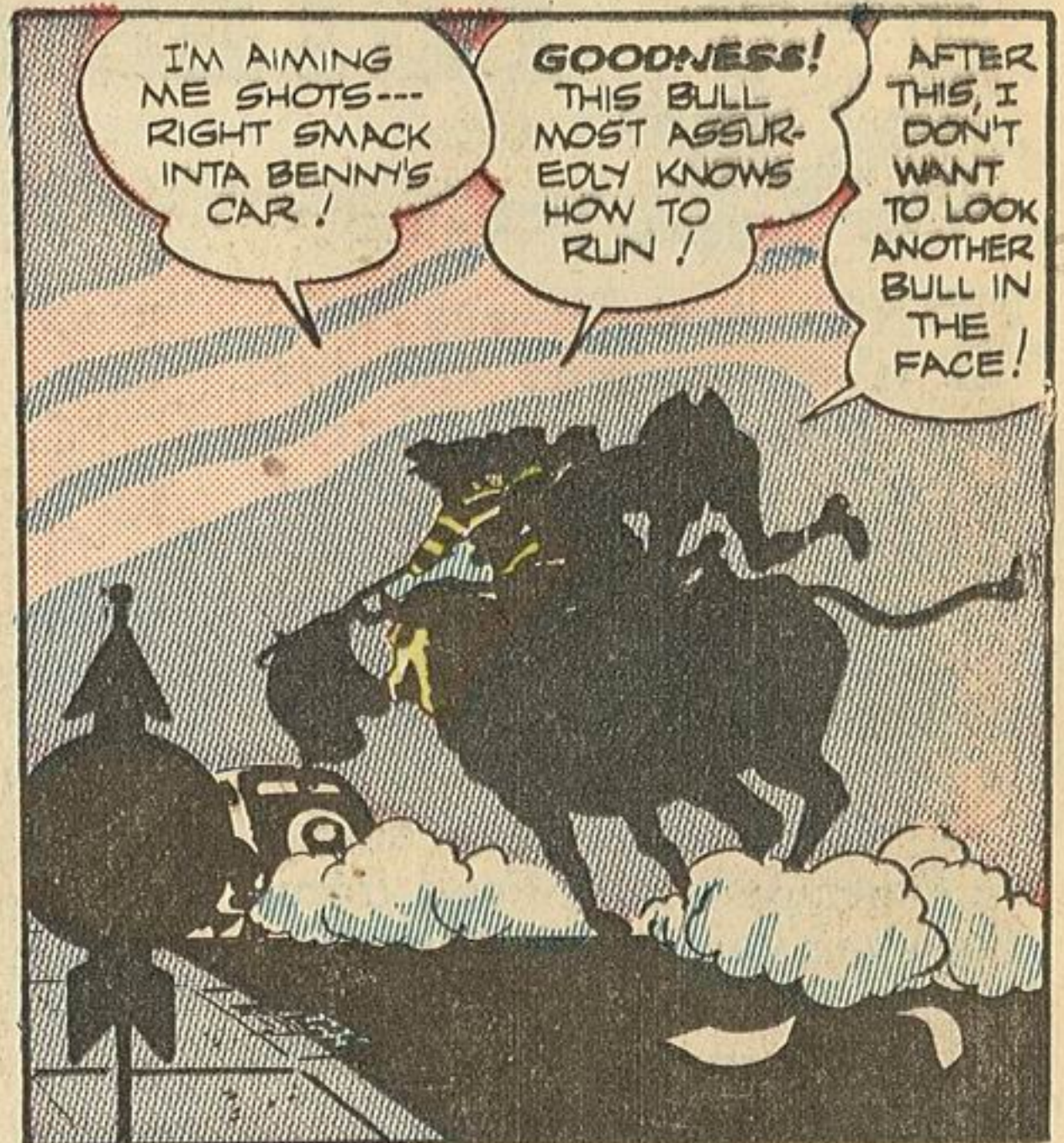
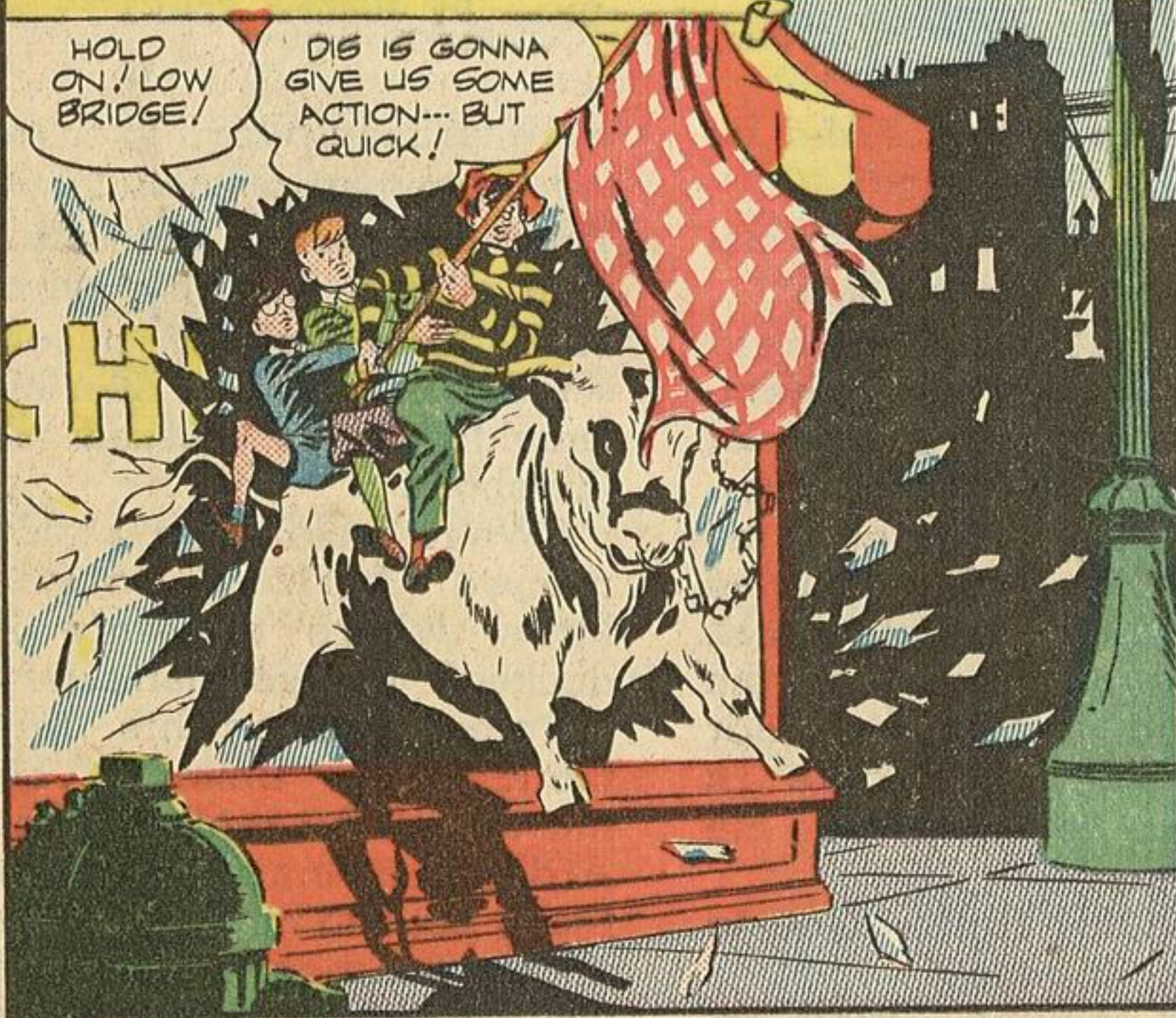




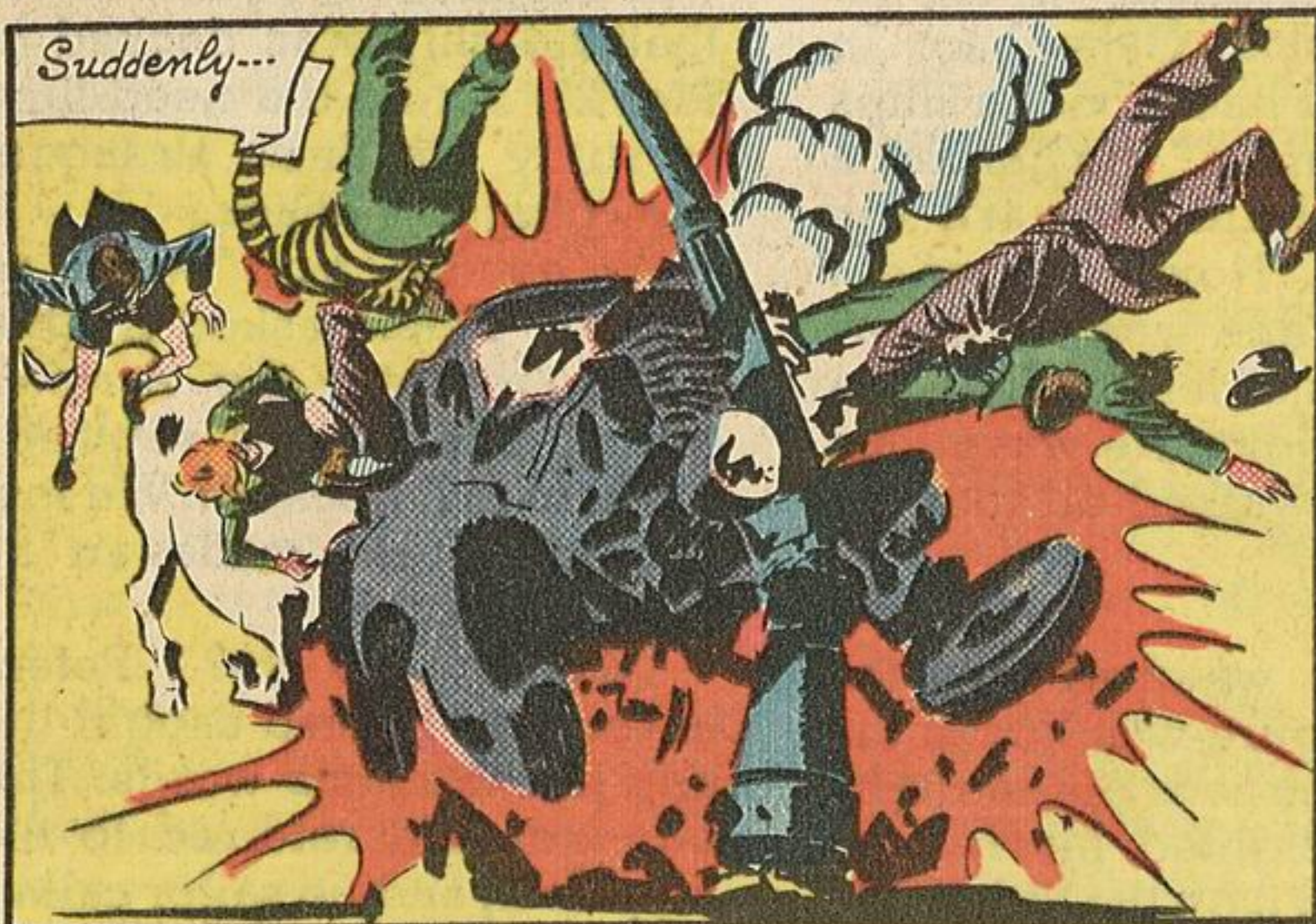




AND SO BEGINS THE AMAZING RIDE OF THE BOY CHAMPIONS! DON QUIXOTE HAD NOTHING ON THEM WHEN HE CHARGED INTO THE FRAY!



As THE WRECKAGE IS BEING CLEARED AWAY--







# PETERS RINGS THE BELL

by JOSEPH VERDY

**T**HE waterfront was dark. It was raining and the fine drizzle made the street slippery. Old Peters squinted through his wet glasses and shrugged as he shuffled toward the docks. "A bad night for navigating," he was thinking.

A dark figure in a shiny raincoat detached itself from the shadows and fell in step beside Peters.

"How are ya, old timer?" the dark figure asked.

Peters threw him a side-long glance. "Oh, it's ye, Callaghan," he snorted. "Loafing on the beat again! Hey?"

Callaghan laughed. "I thought I'd see that nothing happened to the new night-watchman."

Peters snorted disgustedly. "Nothing'll happen to me! And I don't need no youngster looking out after me."

"Come on, grand-pappy. You should be in a wheel chair instead of working—"

"Working?" Peters sneered. "Ye call *this* working? Man and boy! I was sitting on the porch before I took this job. Now I'm sitting in a little shack down by the dock. And I'm watching the same thing I did before—boats."

"That's all a watchman is supposed to do, Old Timer," Callaghan said.

"Bah!" Peters mumbled. "I should be going to sea and taking stuff over to the boys on the fighting front instead—"

"You're a bit too old for that," Callaghan said.

"Too old?" Peters asked incredulously. "What does a dumb cop walking a beat know about me?"

"You're about eighty years old—" Callaghan began.

"Eighty-two next month," Peters corrected the policeman. Then he looked up sharply. "Eighty-two years

young," he added. "And ye better remember that!"

"Going back to sea is not for you—" Callaghan said.

"I can still show them youngsters that call themselves sailors a couple of tricks or two!" Peters interrupted. They had reached the watchman's shack at the edge of the dock and stopped. Peters turned a key in the lock and swung the door open. "Ye can come in and warm up," he invited the policeman.

"No, Old Timer. Got to make my rounds."

Peters grinned. "Well, remember this, Callaghan. In my day we had wooden ships and iron men." He jerked a gnarled thumb toward the dark river. "Nowadays we got iron ships and wooden men."

Callaghan laughed at the old man's joke. He waved his hand and walked off into the darkness.

**P**ETERS watched until the dark figure was lost in the deeper darkness of the night. Then he lighted his lantern and placed it on the little table near the window. He moved a rickety chair close to the open door of his shack and shifted it about until he had a clear view of the nearby yachts, shadowy hulks in the night.

He had just settled himself with a sigh of relief, prepared for the long nightly watch, when a shape blocked the doorway.

"You the nightwatchman?" a hoarse voice asked.

"That's me," Peters replied, adjusting his glasses so that he could get a good look at the stranger.

The man stepped into the shack. Two others followed him inside. They had their hats pulled down low over their faces. Their coat collars

were turned up high to cover the lower part of their faces. They moved into the shack with sliding, stealthy steps, each throwing an unconscious glance of fear over his shoulder as he crossed the threshold.

"We're looking for a ship named 'Arriba.' Do you know where the ship is docked?" the first man asked.

Peters rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Hmmm... Let me think," he replied. "The Arriba. Hmmm." He did not really need to think about the matter. The moment the name was mentioned, Peters knew that the ship was docked at Pier 28. But he *did* need time to study the three strangers crowding his shack.

"Why do you want to know?" Peters asked finally.

"We're from the Arriba's crew," the leader replied. "Where is it docked? We lost our way." He made an attempt to laugh.

"Sailors, are ye?" Peters asked. But he had caught the slip in the man's words. The stranger had referred to the ship as *it*, and no sailor called a ship anything but *she*! These men were not seamen! Peters knew that almost from the start. What were they after? "The Arriba is a neutral," Peters remarked. "At least, she's supposed to be neutral."

"We have not the time to waste, old man," the leader interrupted him. "Where is it docked?"

"Ain't docked no more," Peters replied. "She sailed..." he glanced at his alarm clock hanging from a nail on the wall... "sailed about ten minutes ago from Pier 28. About a mile or so up from here."

**T**HE leader stepped back and whispered to the other two men. They held their



heads close together. Peters could not catch what they were saying, but it didn't sound like English to him. Nor Spanish either.

Off in the river, an ear-piercing moaning arose. It was like a ghostly wail, haunting. Peters cocked his ear and listened. Then he stepped to the door and squinted out into the night.

"There she goes," he said, pointing to a dark shape moving slowly past the dock.

"Are you sure, old man?" The leader was standing at his elbow.

For the first time, Peters had a chance to look into the man's face. He was surprised to see how young it was, and how hard and cold. The man had a blond straggly beard, and light blue eyes that were almost colorless.

"Sure I'm sure," Peters replied indignantly. "Man, I've sailed for sixty years and more! I've sat on my porch looking down on this harbor for another five years. I know every ship that ever sailed up this river. That's the *Arriba*, and ye can bet on that!"

The man looked at Peters. "If you know the sea so well, how is it you are not sailing in the convoys?" he asked.

Peters snorted in disgust. "Ain't my fault! Them fools at the Shipping Board say I'm too old! Too old! Ha!" Peters reached into his pocket and pulled out a box of tobacco. He picked some leafs between thumb and index finger and stuck it into his mouth. "Too old!" he repeated. "I went down to my union for help—and you know what they did? Ha! They agreed with Shipping Board! Them youngsters had a nerve saying I was too old! Bah! I can sail circles around any man on the seas today! I can—"

"Can you sail one of those motorboats?" the stranger asked, pointing to the boats beside the dock.

"One of them?" Peters asked, thrusting out his chest. "Ha! With my eyes closed

and both hands tied behind me!"

"Then you are going to show me," the stranger said. He pulled his hand out of his pocket. An ugly automatic was jabbed against Old Peters' chest. "My friends and I have to get aboard the *Arriba*—and you are borrowing one of those motorboats and taking us! Understand?" He jabbed the gun at Peters, viciously.

"I get it!" Peters said.

"All right. Lead the way!"

Peters stepped out into the steady drizzle. The night was almost pitchblack. The lantern in the shack threw his shadow out ahead of him. Somewhere, far off in the distance, a buoy-bell was ringing. The *Arriba* had long since been swallowed up by the darkness.

Peters picked his steps carefully. The three men followed him silently. The nearest boat was a small cabin cruiser, the *Pretty Marion*.

**I**T was the work of but a few minutes to start the motor. One of the strangers took out a knife and cut the lines. With Peters at the wheel, the *Pretty Marion* moved swiftly into the river.

"No trouble now," the leader warned Peters, holding his gun ready. "I do not want the coast guard or patrol boats to catch us. If they do—" He waved his gun threateningly.

Peters pointed to the side of the boat. "Well, ye better fix the lights in the sockets," he said. "If a patrol boat sees us without them, they'll sure stop us."

"I'll hold the wheel," the leader said. "Light those lamps!"

Peters snorted. "Lamps! Humph!" He let go the wheel and shuffled to the sockets and took the lanterns off. Bringing them into the small wheelhouse, he opened them and lighted the wicks. Stepping carefully, Old Peters went to the starboard socket and placed the red light there.

Then he crossed the heaving deck of the boat and placed the green light in the port socket. When he was finished, he went back to the wheel.

The leader of the strangers took off his hat. He turned to his companions, smiling. "Weir sind frei." His companions nodded their heads, laughing.

Now Peters understood the full story. These were escaped Nazi prisoners making for a ship of a country supposed to be neutral, but which was to smuggle them out of the country. He wondered what these young killers would do to him once they had caught up with the *Arriba*. Probably put a bullet through his head. They wouldn't want a witness to their escape—especially one who would expose the false neutrality of the *Arriba*.

Suddenly, a beam of light shot out of the darkness. Before the Nazis could act, a grey cutter was alongside and half a dozen armed sailors had boarded the deck of the *Pretty Marion*.

"We spotted your signal, Old Timer," one of the sailors grinned. "Put up your hands, you Nazi rats!"

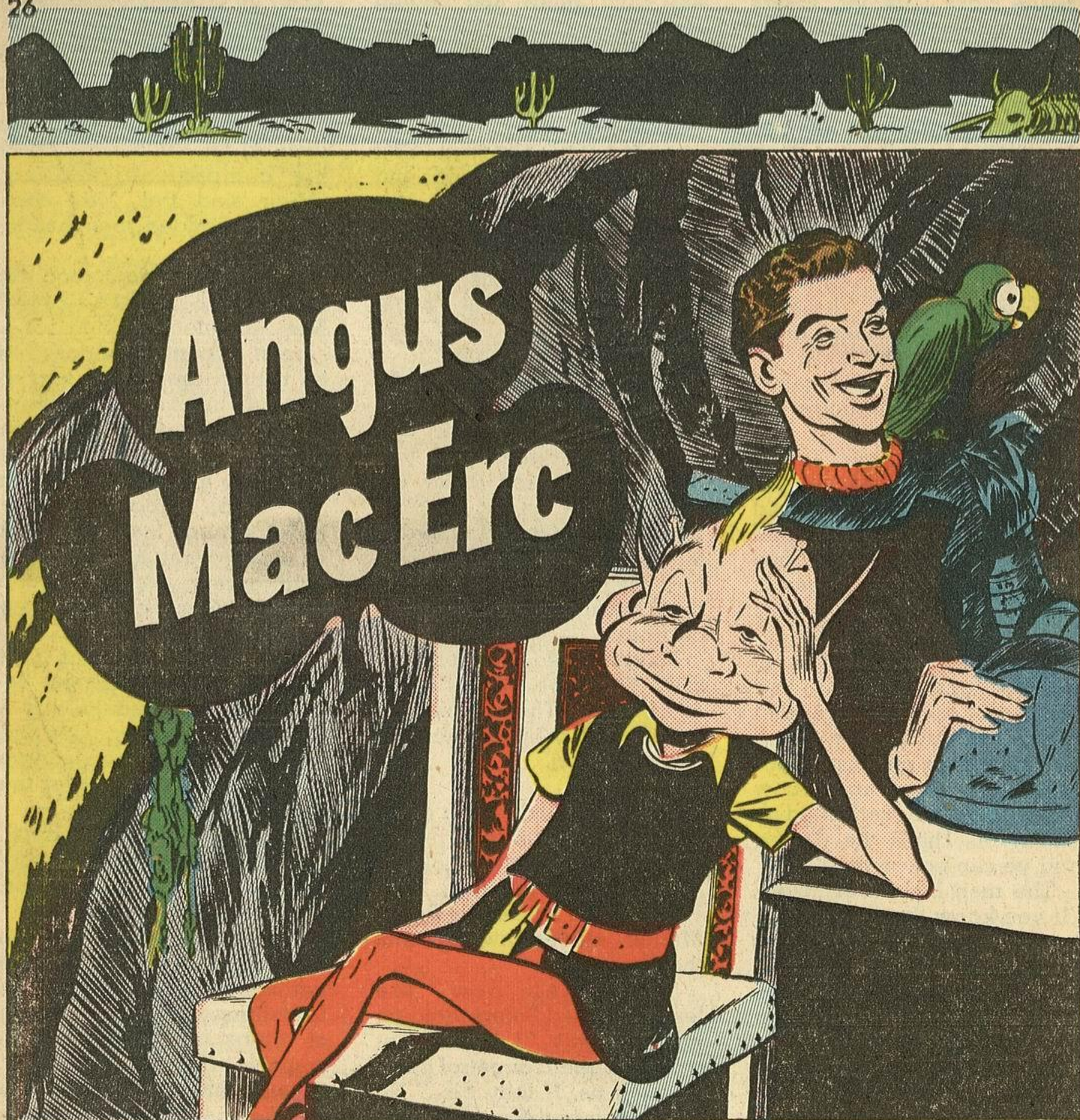
"I knew ye would," Peters replied, chuckling. "Guess ye youngsters won't laugh at me for telling ye I know a couple of things or two about seamanship! Hey?"

Later, that night, Old Peters was back sitting in his shack when Callaghan came along.

"I see you've managed to catch a bunch of escaped war prisoners," he remarked. "How'd you do it, Grand pop?"

Peters shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I know a couple of things or two. I just switched the lights in the boat's sockets, I did. Instead of red in the port socket and green in the starboard, I put them the other way around. To a sea-going man, that's a signal that something's wrong. But *that*," Old Peters added, "is a thing a landlubber like ye can't appreciate."





**1** **ANGUS**, ON A HOLIDAY IN HOLLYWOOD, EXERCISES HIS PECULIAR TALENTS ON A FAST FADING SCREEN LOVER ---

AVAUNT...AWAY WITH THEE, FOUL IMP OF MEPHISTO! GO, OR I'LL TAKE A SNORT AND YOU'LL VANISH!

HEH-HEH! TAKE THE SNORT OR NO, I'LL NOT VANISH! I AM NO CREATURE OF YOUR BRAIN! I AM **ANGUS MAC ERC!**



**2** PAH! A POX ON THEE, PIXY! I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD BELIEVE YOU! AH, I AGE. WOULD THAT I COULD BE FOREVER YOUNG AND LIVE FOR ALWAYS!

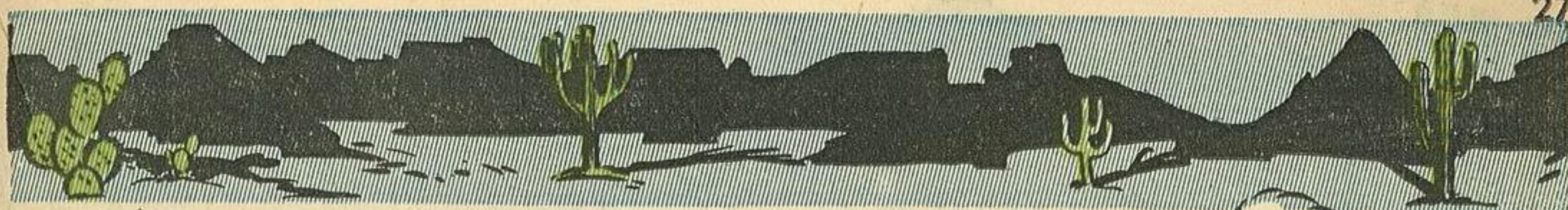
UMM! IT MIGHT BE ARRANGED, IF YE'D PAY ME MORE RESPECT!



**3** MAKE GOOD THY IDLE BOAST AND I AM YOUR SLAVE. THINK WHAT A BOON IT WOULD BE TO WOMENKIND. IF I THE PRINCE OF LOVERS WERE FOREVER YOUNG!







ANGUS MAC ERC, PIXY EXTRAORDINARY, FINDS THAT THERE ARE MORE THINGS ON HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN EVEN HE HAD DREAMED OF WHEN HE ACTS AS GUIDE ON A PILGRIMAGE TO THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

### "THE RIGHT BOTTLE!"

STORY—  
BRUCE  
ELIOTT

DRAWINGS—  
PERRY  
WILLIAMS—

DON THY REPULSIVE  
MODERN GARMENTS!  
JOHN HAMITMORE!  
WE WILL AWAY!

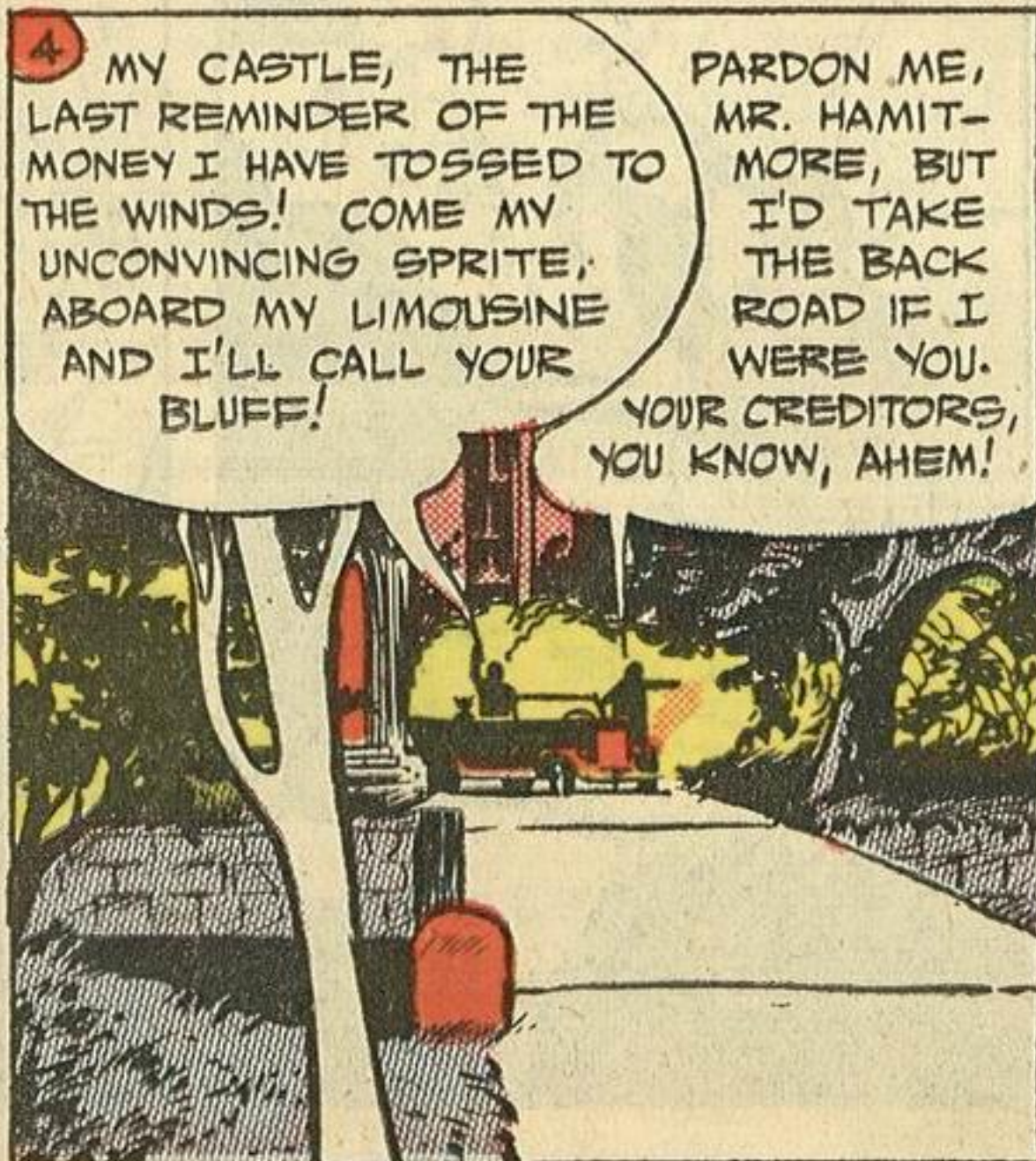
HE'S GOT  
ME TALKING  
LIKE A  
SHAKES-  
PEAREAN  
HAM, NOW!

4 MY CASTLE, THE  
LAST REMINDER OF THE  
MONEY I HAVE TOSSED TO  
THE WINDS! COME MY  
UNCONVINCING SPRITE,  
ABOARD MY LIMOUSINE  
AND I'LL CALL YOUR  
BLUFF!

PARDON ME,  
MR. HAMIT-  
MORE, BUT  
I'D TAKE  
THE BACK  
ROAD IF I  
WERE YOU.  
YOUR CREDITORS,  
YOU KNOW, AHM!

5 HAH! SO MY  
CREDITORS WAIT!  
THAT'S ALL THEY'RE  
GOOD FOR NOW  
THAT I AM IN DIRE  
STRAITS! WE'RE  
OFF--BUT WHERE  
TO, MY MALEVOLONT  
MIDGET?

TO FIND  
ETERNAL YOUTH!  
YOU MUST  
PROCEED TO  
DEATH VALLEY!  
IF THIS CAR  
ISN'T THE  
DEATH OF US  
FIRST! AN  
INSTRUMENT OF  
THE DEVIL  
ASSUREDLY!





WHILE ANGUS JOUNCES ON HIS WAY, ANOTHER PILGRIM STARTS!

DRIVE TO DEATH VALLEY, THEN FOLLOW THE MAP!

WITH ALL HIS MONEY, ALL HIS POWER, ALL HIS NEWSPAPERS, ALL HE THINKS OF IS DEATH! THE MONEY HE'S SPENT TRACING DOWN THAT SCREWY RUMOR! WELL, IT'S HIS MONEY!

AND IN THE AIR, TO THE EAST, A FINANCIER...

BE ULTRA CAREFUL! TO THINK OF THE YEARS I'VE WASTED MAKING MILLIONS. HERE I AM THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD AND I'M TOO OLD TO ENJOY MYSELF...BUT THAT'LL SOON BE FIXED. DEATH VALLEY HERE I COME!

ENTRANCE TO THE HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH--

I ALMOST AM READY TO BREAK THE RULE OF A LIFE TIME--YES, I THINK I AM THIRSTY ENOUGH TO DRINK WATER! WHERE AWAY, ANGUS, MY ANGUISHED ANIMOLECULE?

THAT CAVE IN YONDER CLIFF. THERE LIVES HE, WHO HAS THE SECRET THAT YOU WOULD HAVE--  
POOR MORTAL FOOL!

AS THEY APPROACH---

ON THE LAND, IN THE AIR, WOULD THERE WERE A SEA. WHO COMES? IS THIS A CONVENTION? A CONCLAVE?

I KNOW NOT! ALL I KNOW IS THAT IN YONDER CAVE LIVES THE OLDEST MORTAL MAN IN THE WORLD. IMMORTALS, LIKE MYSELF--NOT INCLUDED!

I DID NOT FLY HERE TO BE BEATEN BY THESE OTHERS!

HALT, STOP, I'LL--

CLEAR THE WAY, HERE I COME!

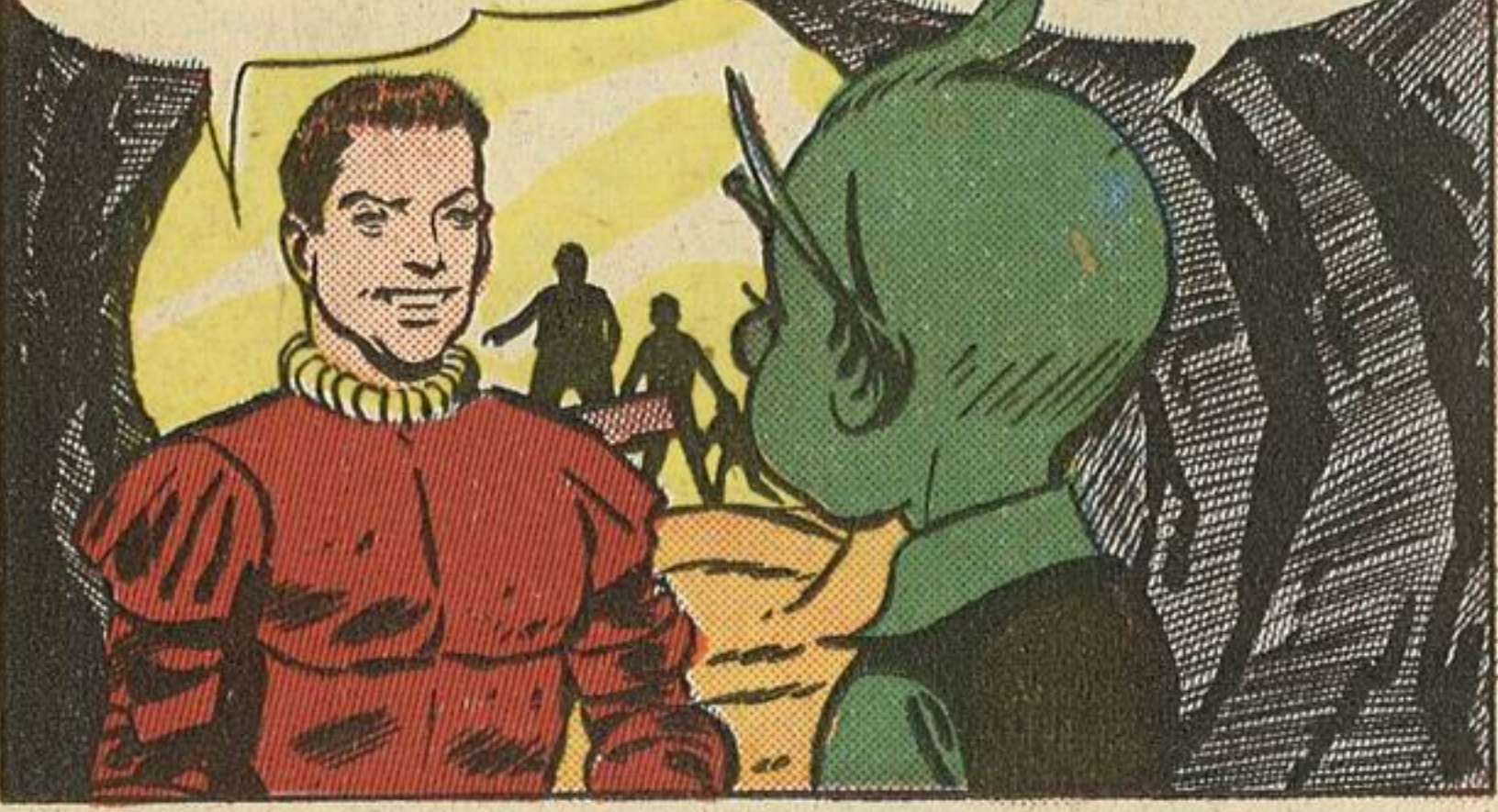
MR. LEON, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BET A HA' PENNY ON WHO WILL WIN!





THIS CAN'T BE **ANGUS**, NOT THE **ANGUS MAC ERC** THAT I ONCE KNEW...WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR SCOT'S BLOOD? THE IDEA OF OFFERING TO BET, I'M SURPRISED!

WHUSHT! AND WHAT'S COME OVER ME? I MUST BE OUT OF ME HEAD! NO IT'S BEEN LIVING IN HOLLYWOOD I HAVE. THAT'S WHAT DID IT!



IF YOU HAVE IT, I'LL GIVE YOU A **MILLION** DOLLARS!

PIKER! **TEN MILLION!** HAVE YOU THE ELIXIR, MAN? SPEAK UP!

WHAT CHANCE HAVE I, A **PAUPER**, HERE?



YOU HAVE AS MUCH CHANCE AS THEY! WHO ARE YOU?

ALLOW ME. **MR. JOHN HAMITMORE, MR. BURST, AND MR. ROCKBILT!**



IS THAT IT? DO THOSE BOTTLES HOLD **ETERNAL LIFE, ETERNAL YOUTH?**

JEAN, MY DEAR, TELL THEM ABOUT THE CHOICE!



**SQUAWRK!** MANY HAVE HAD THE CHANCE...NONE HAVE TAKEN IT! TWO OF THOSE BOTTLES, **SQUAWRK**, CONTAIN DEADLY POISONS—SO HORRIBLE, THEY ARE UNKNOWN TO MAN! THE THIRD BOTTLE CONTAINS THE ELIXIR OF ETERNAL LIFE!

BUT HOW CAN WE TELL WHICH IS WHICH?



YOU CAN'T! THAT IS THE CHANCE YOU MUST TAKE! COME—YOU ALL DESIRE THE ELIXIR. DRINK UP!

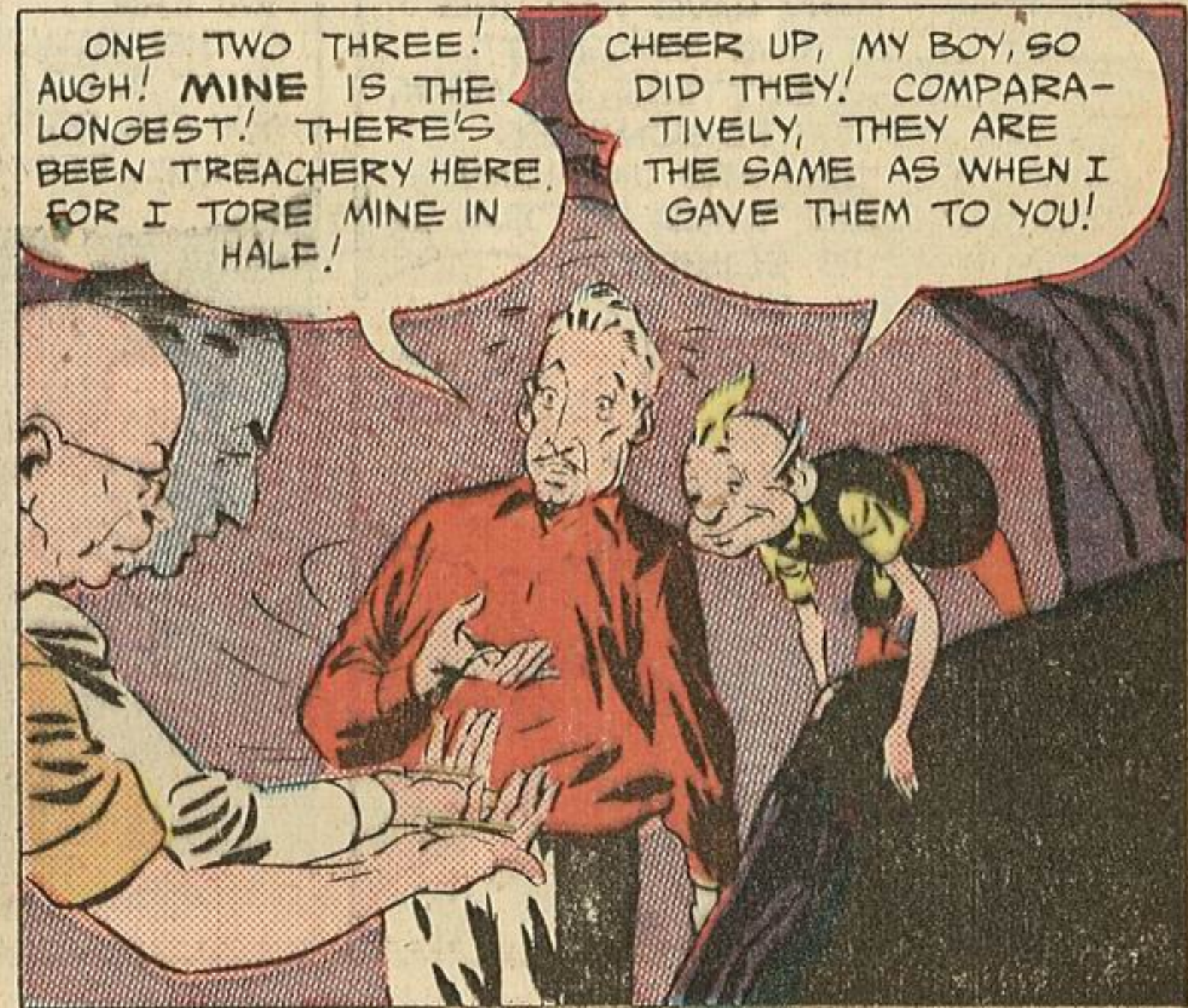
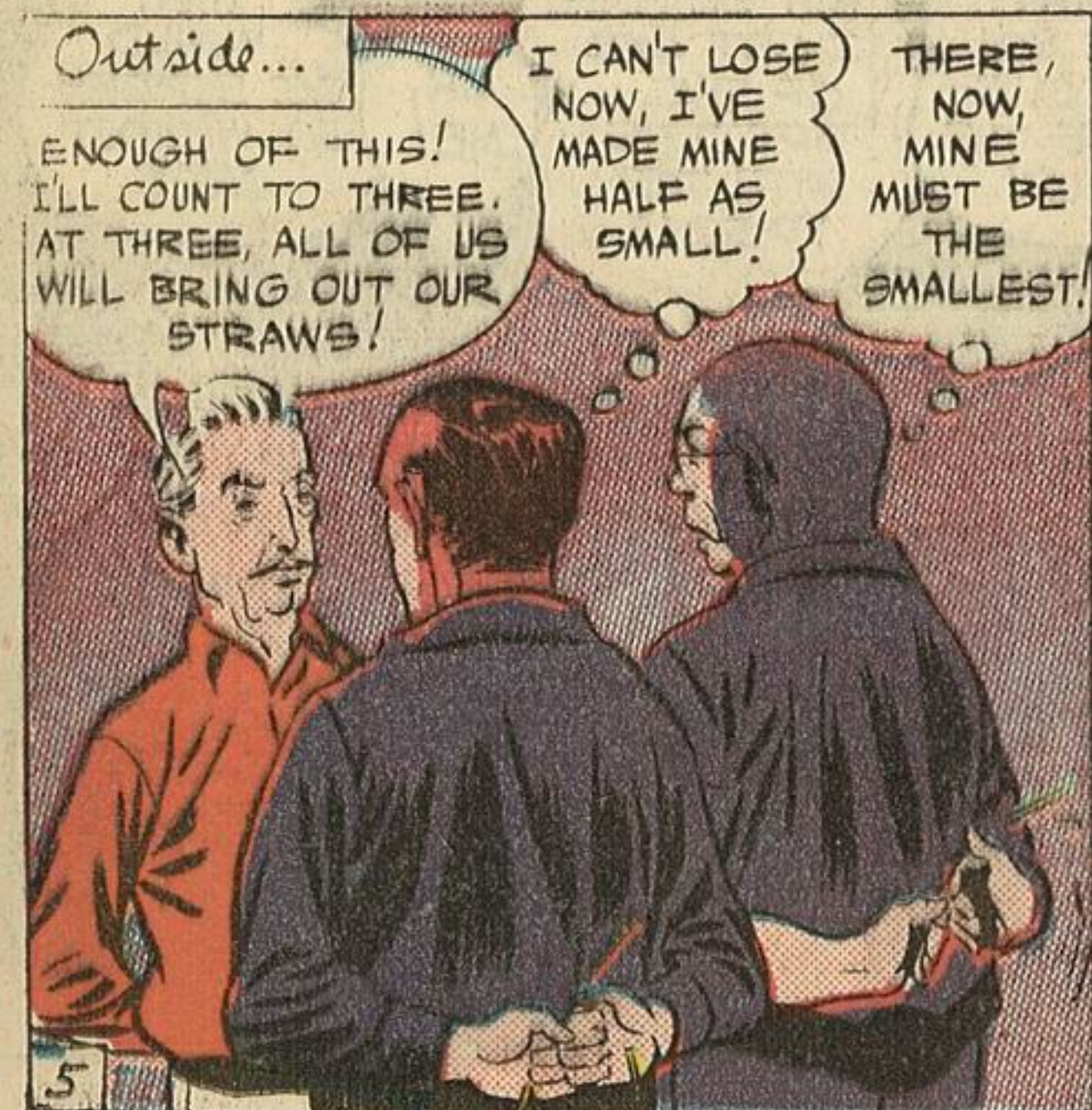
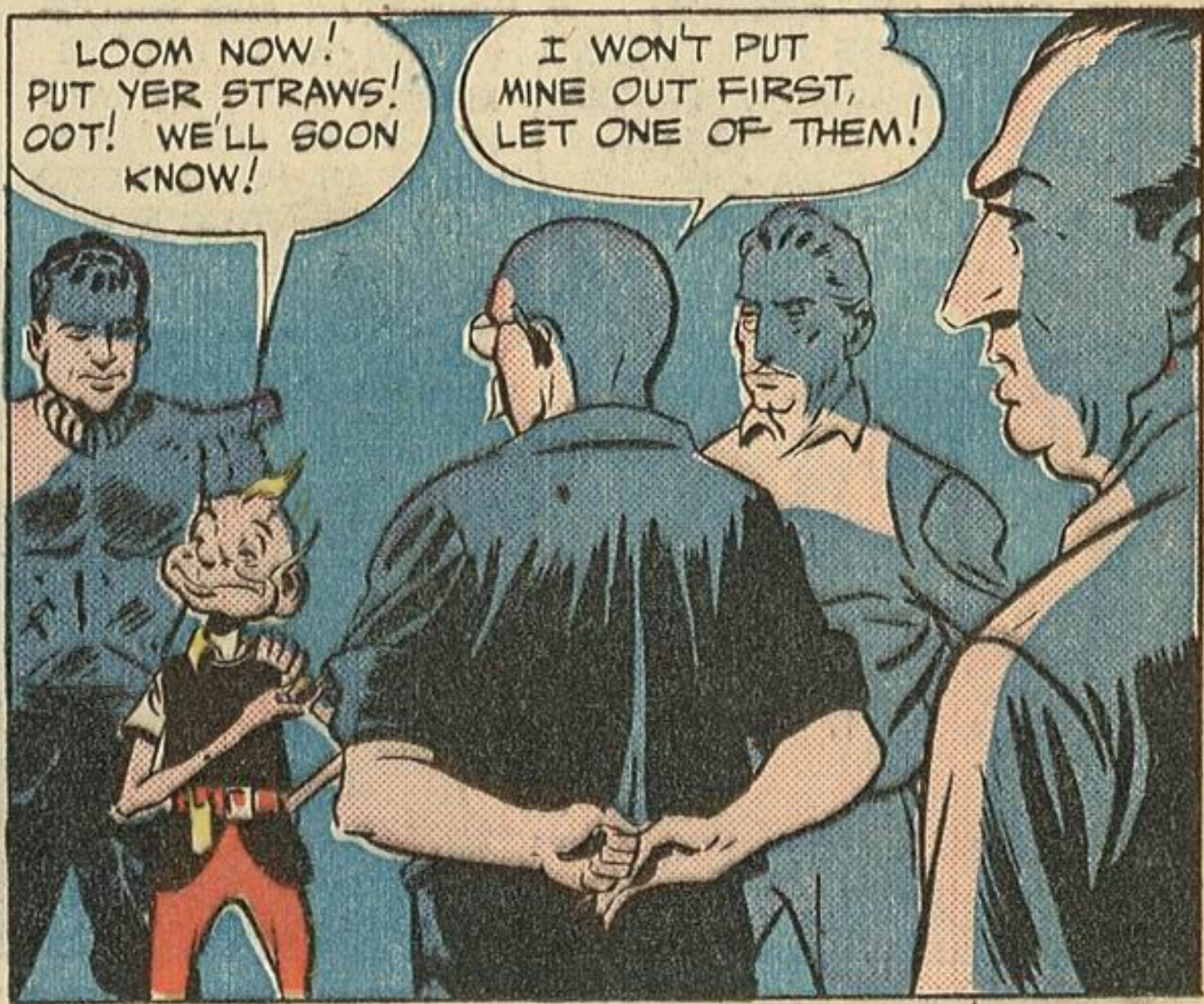
BUT SUPPOSE I GET ONE OF THE BOTTLES WITH THE POISON?

OR ME!

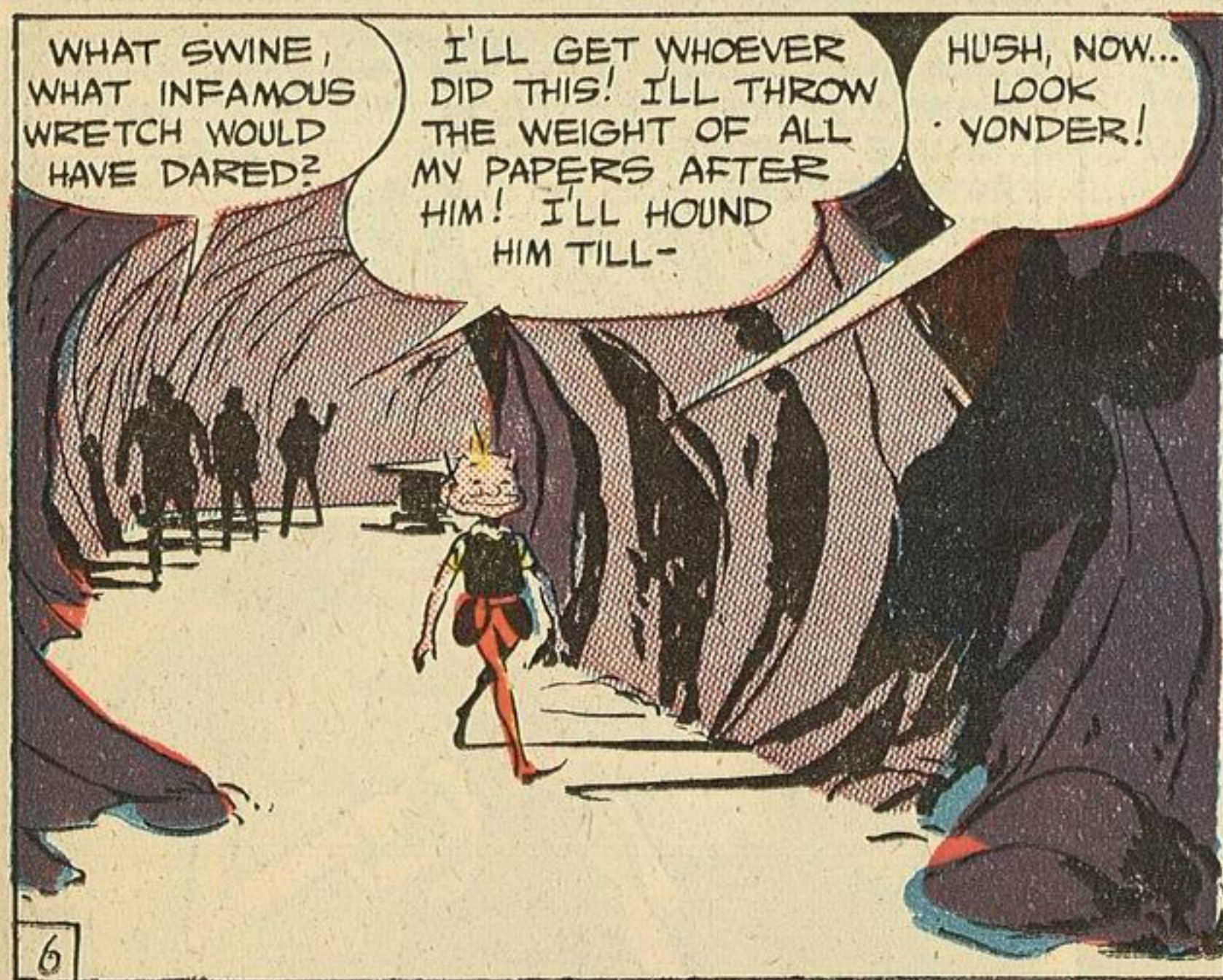
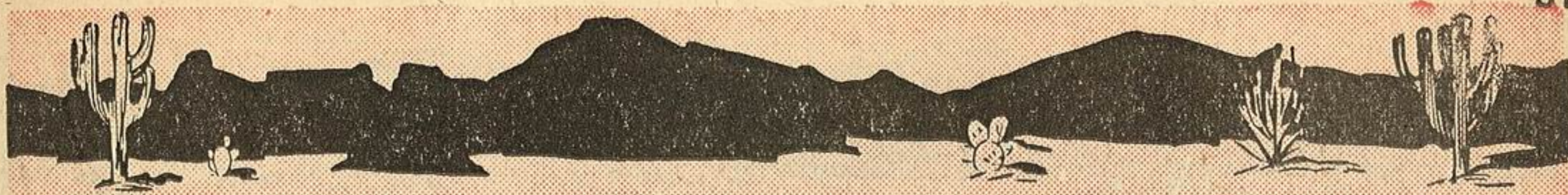
WHAT WOULD THE SCREEN DO WITHOUT ME?



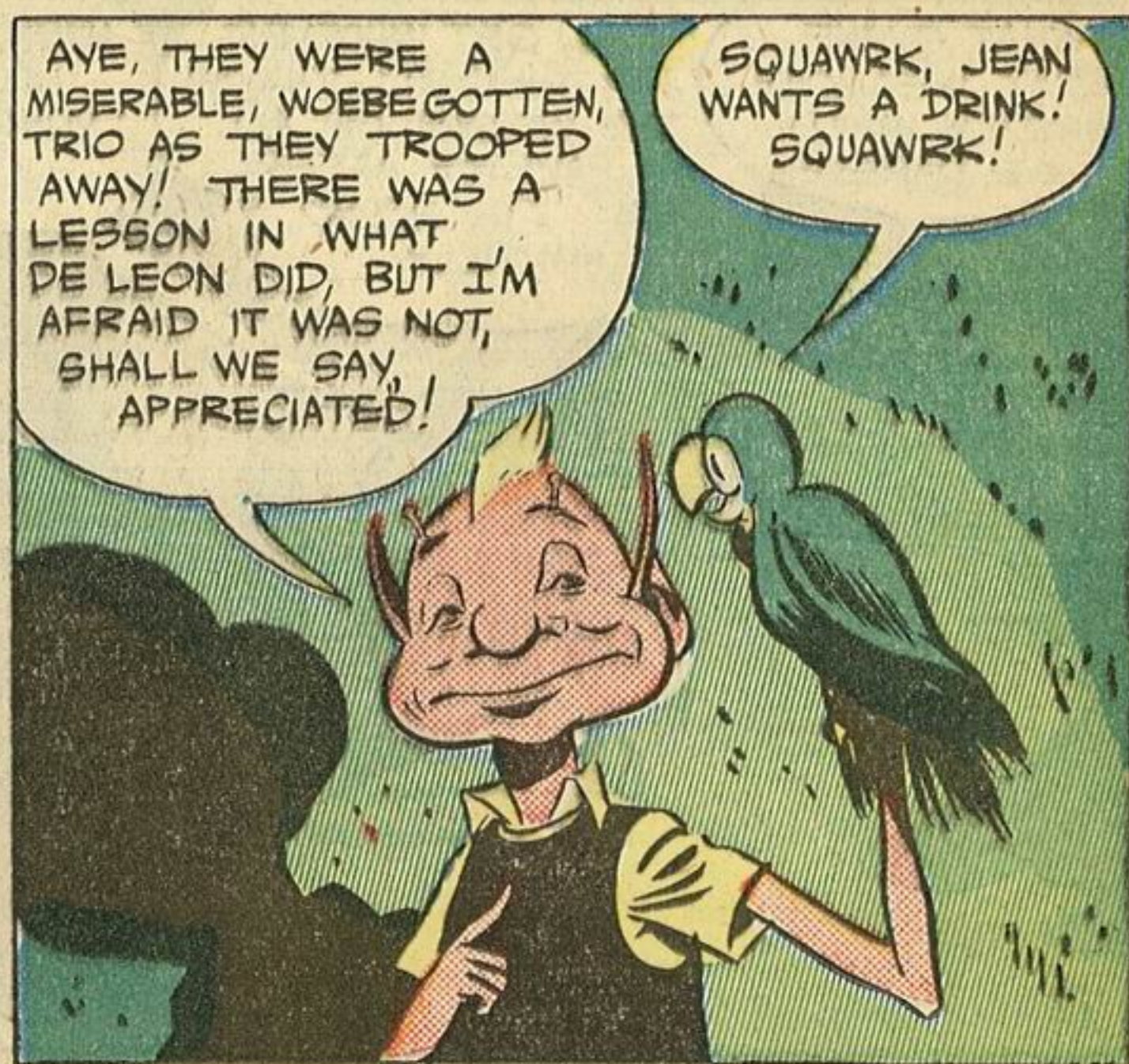
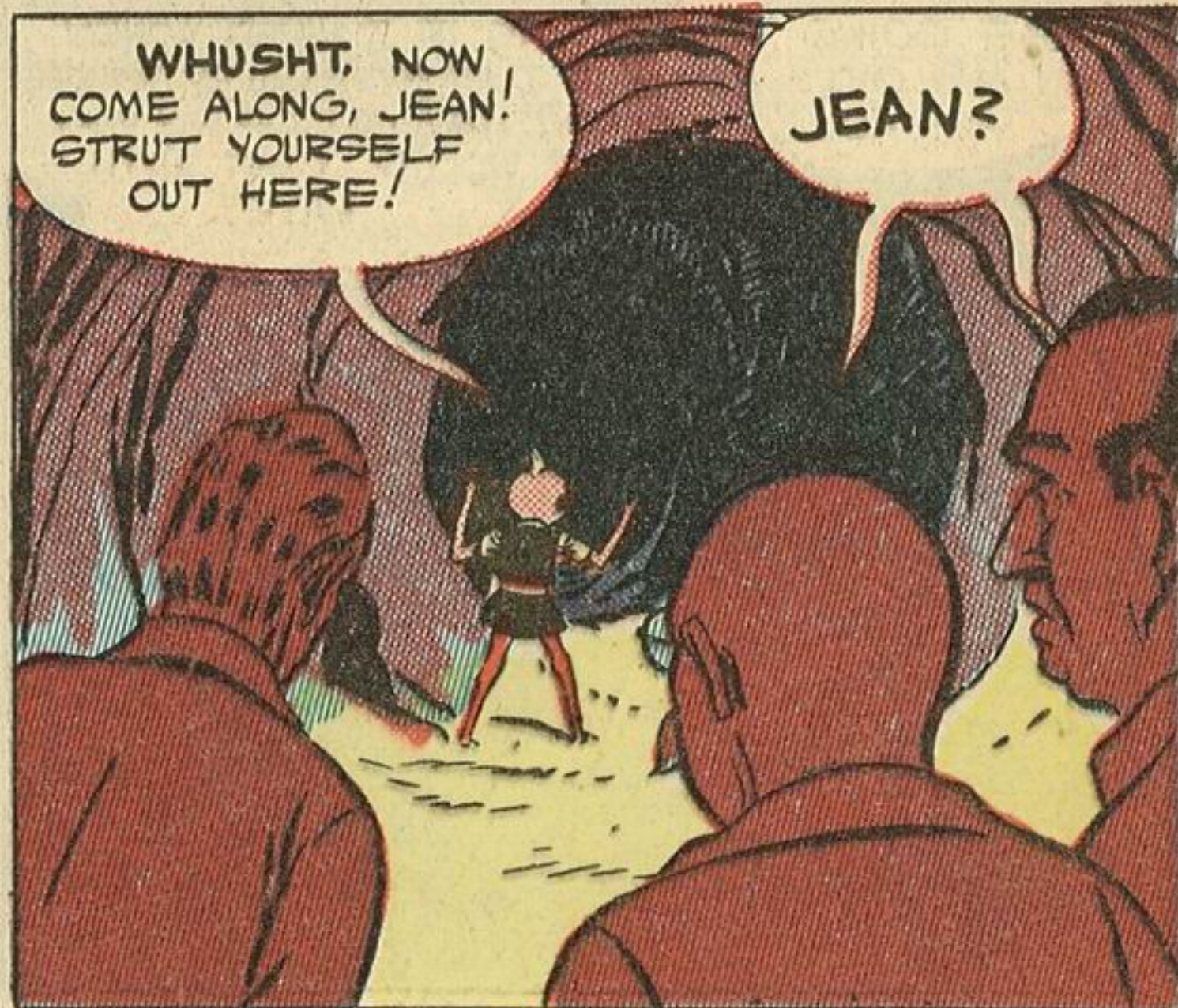














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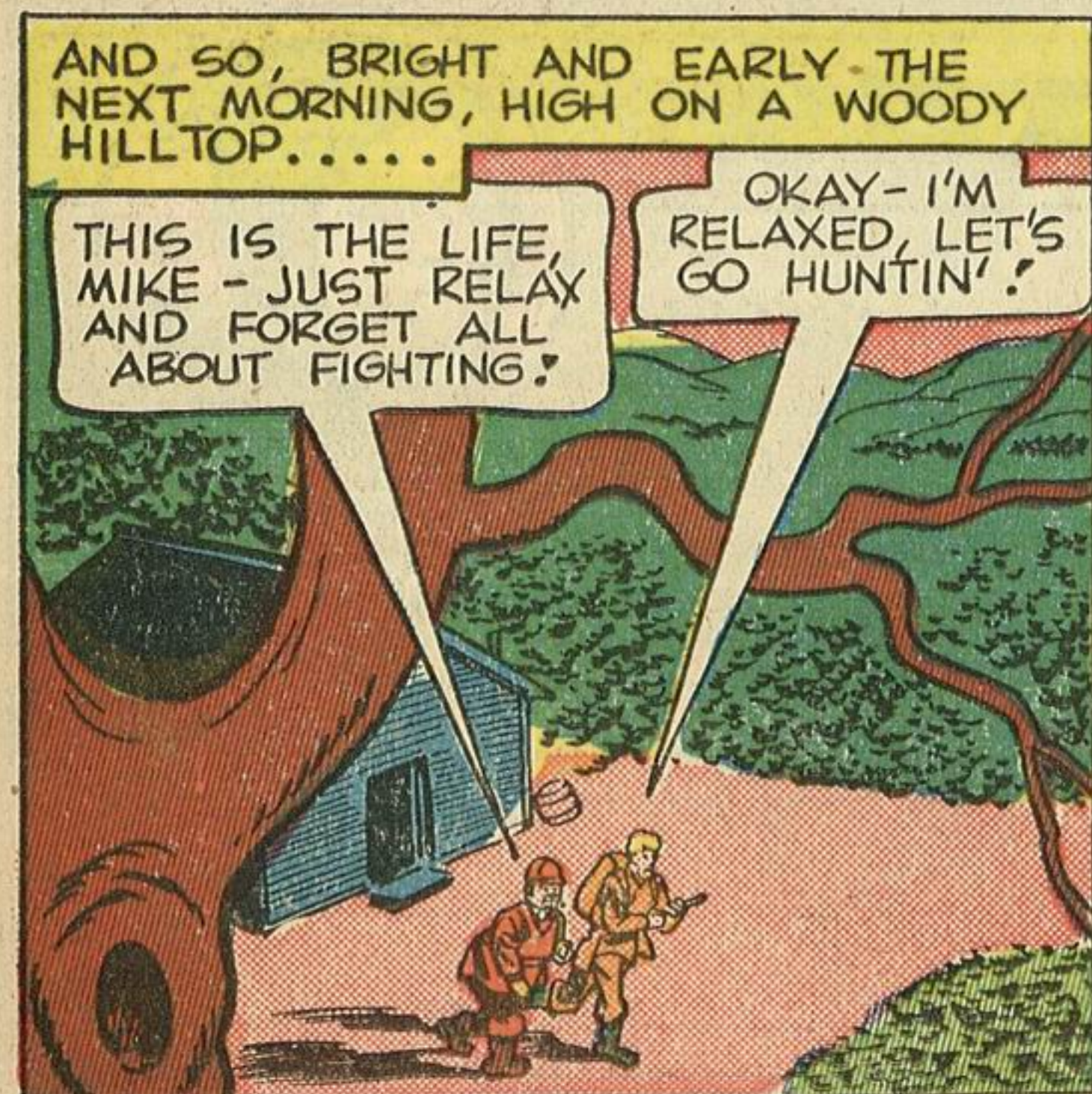
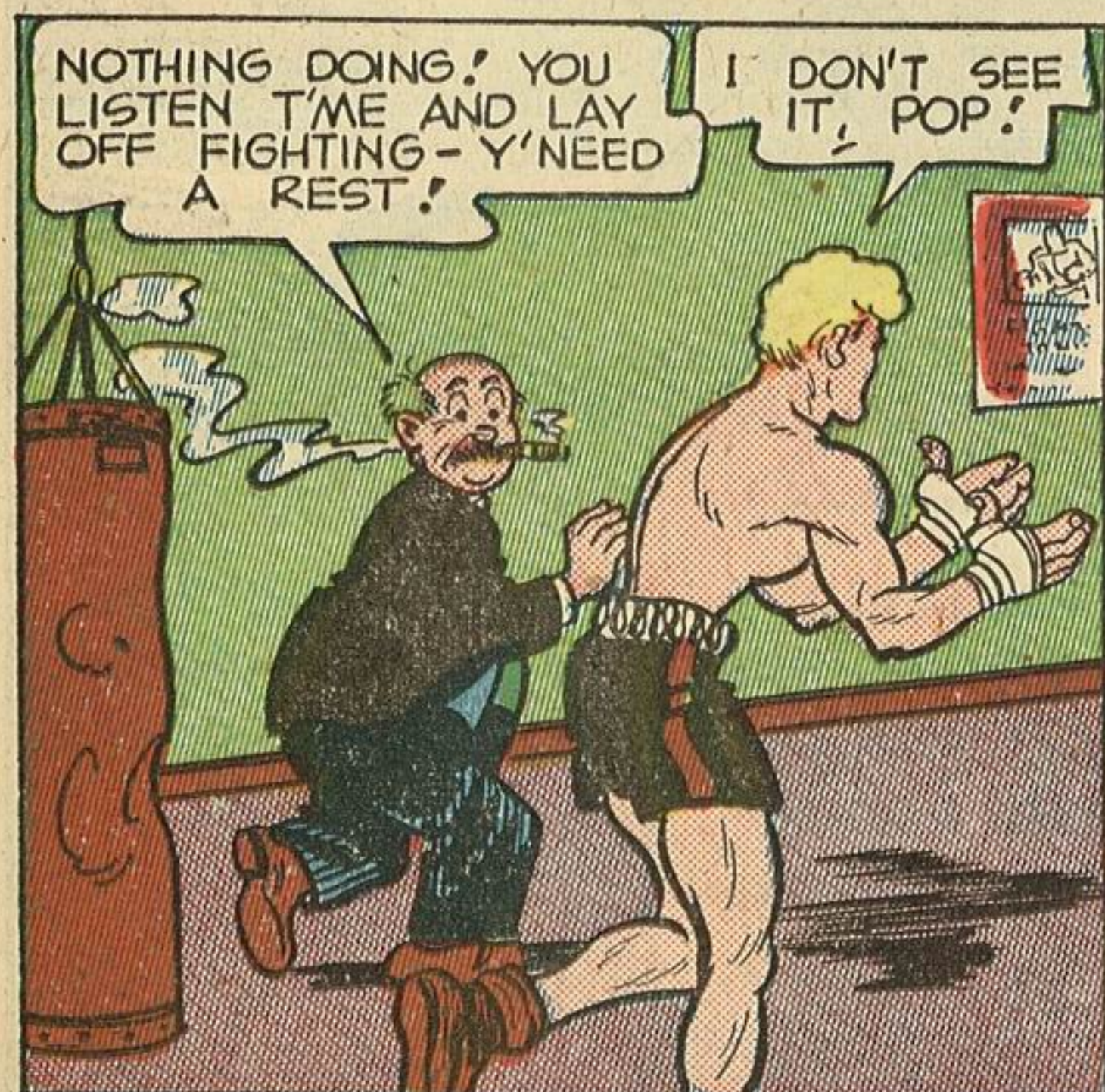
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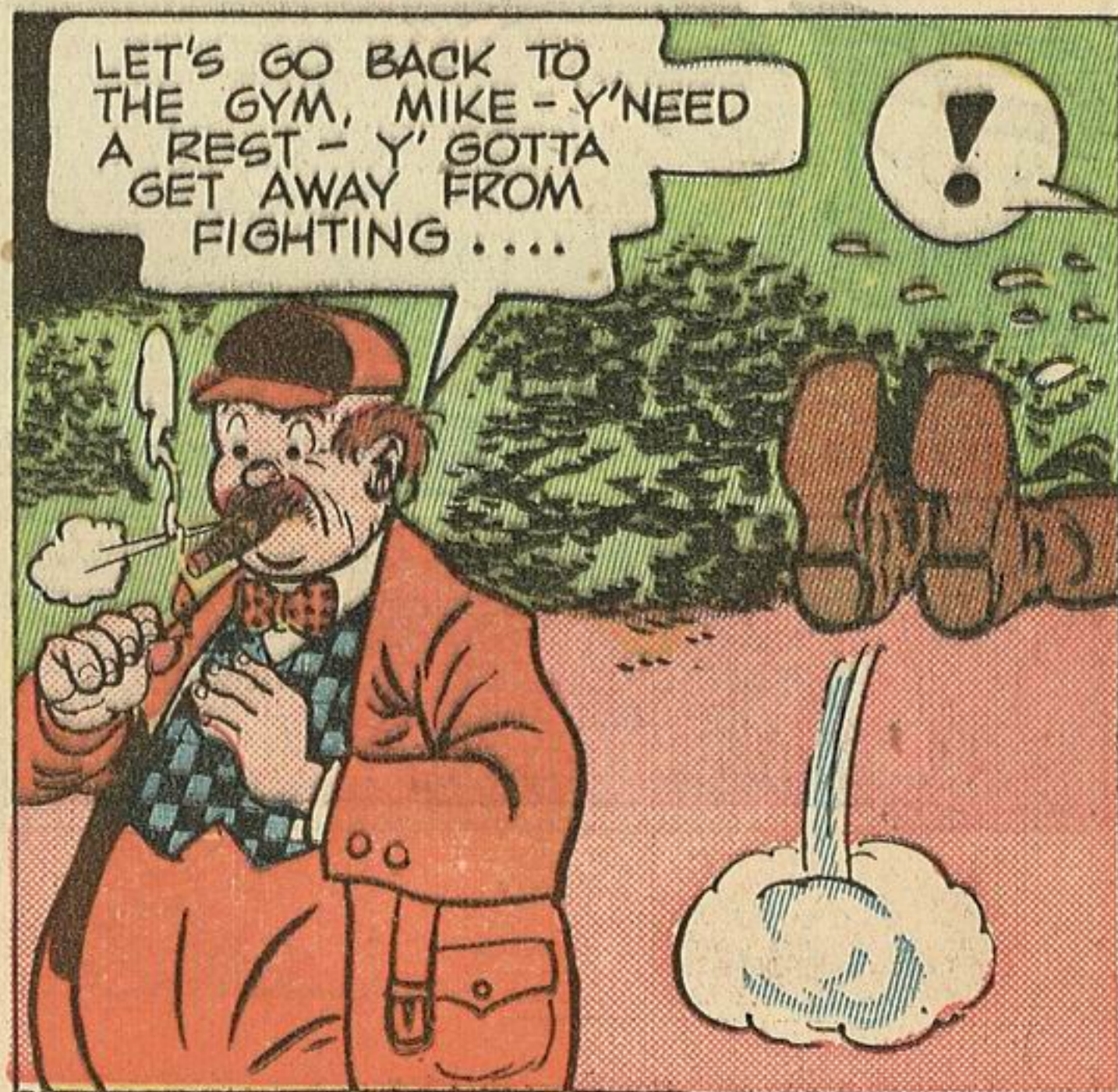
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# RICK MASTERS



Story by WALTER GARDNER

YOU'VE HEARD OF THE FOURTEEN MILE LIMIT BEYOND WHICH THE LAW OF THE U.S. DOESN'T APPLY? SO HAD SECOND DEAL DAN. BUT HE DECIDED TO TRY IT A DIFFERENT WAY... STRAIGHT UP IN THE AIR! RICK MASTERS AND HIS SIDE-KICK HAVE THE CARDS STACKED AGAINST THEM IN A WILD FLIM FLAM OF A COLD DECK SWINDLE WHEN THEY DECLARE THEMSELVES IN ON A GAME WHERE... "The Sky's the Limit!"

MORT LAWRENCE



SEARING FLAMES END THE CAREER OF THE GAMBLING SHIP "ACEY DEUCEY" .....

A HUNDRED GRAND SHE WAS WORTH AND SHE'S A TOTAL LOSS, SECOND DEAL DAN!

THAT'S THE SECOND ONE I'VE LOST! NEVER AGAIN! I GOT A NEW IDEA THAT'S NEVER BEEN PULLED!



WHAT COOKS HERE?

TOUGH LUCK, DAN, LOSING YOUR GAMBLING SHIP!

DON'T MEAN A THING TO ME! YOU KNOW MY MOTTO "THE SKY'S THE LIMIT"? WELL, ANY OF YOU BOYS THAT REALLY WANNA PLAY, MEET ME TOMORROW. GUARANTEED NO COP TROUBLE!



WHAT'S THE ANGLE, DAN?

THE LAW'S JURISDICTION NEVER REACHED BEYOND THE FOURTEEN MILE LIMIT. THAT'S WHY WE HAD THE SHIP. BUT FROM HERE ON, WE'RE GOING UP, INSTEAD OF OUT! NOW LISTEN, GET LOUIE AND HASTY AND TELL THEM... SSSPPP SSS...

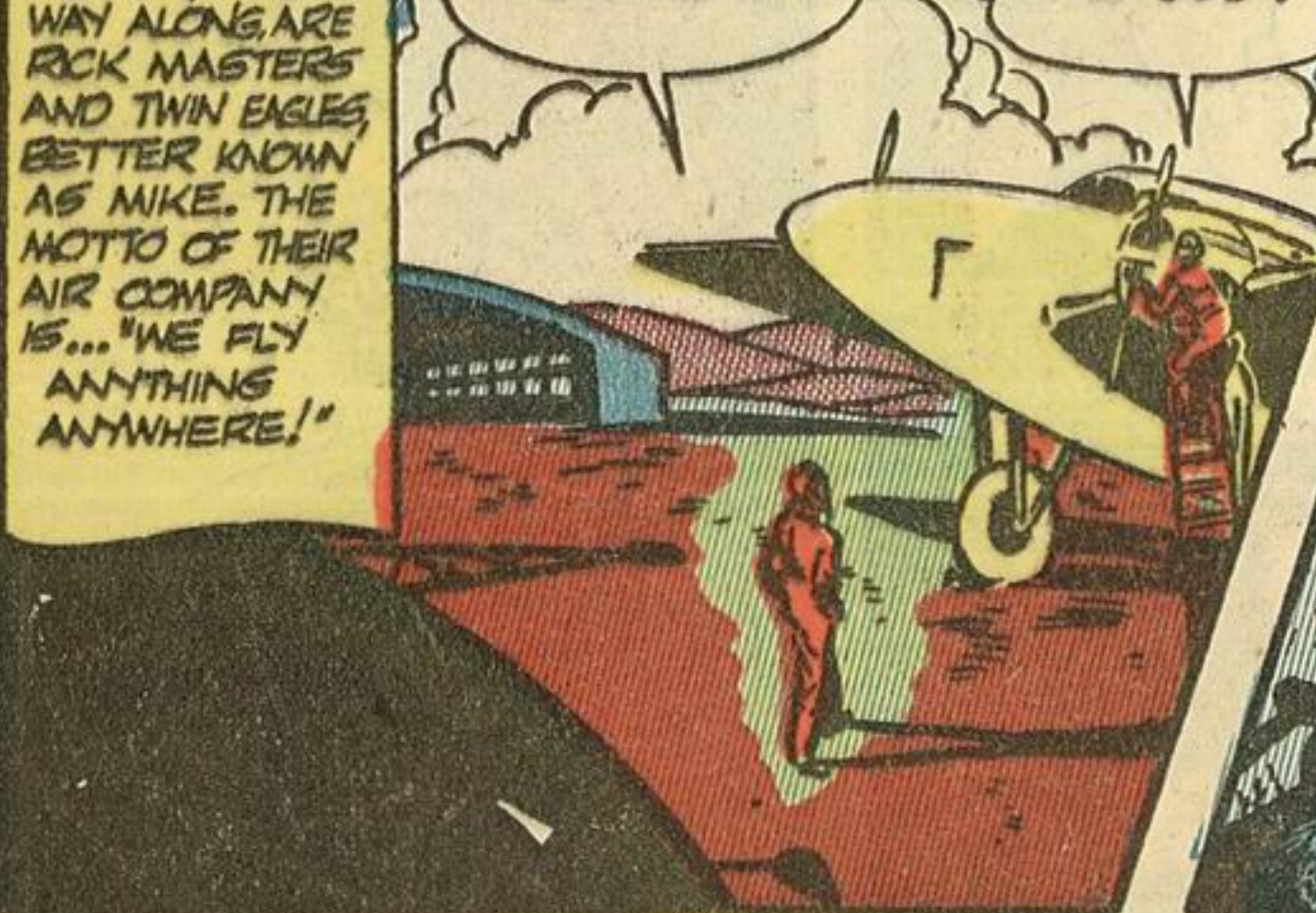
IT'LL BE THE HIGHEST GAME ON RECORD, SO BRING PLENTY OF FOLDING MONEY! PASS THE WORD ALONG, BOYS!



*Bucking competition, fighting their way along, are Rick Masters and Twin Eagles, better known as Mike. The motto of their air company is... "WE FLY ANYTHING ANYWHERE!"*

HOW DOES IT? BETTER FIND OUT WHAT THE BUG IS, JUST GOT A CUSTOMER FOR HER!

ALL SHE NEEDS IS A NEW ENGINE! I'LL TRY AND SEE IF I CAN PATCH HER UP WITH BALING WIRE AND FAITH! WHAT'S THE JOB?



SOUNDS LIKE BIG BUSINESS! THE GUY ON THE PHONE SAID HE'S GOING TO HOLD A SECRET BUSINESS CONFERENCE AND FIGURED THAT A PLANE WAS THE SAFEST PLACE FOR IT!

I'LL GET HER FIXED SOMEHOW!













BACK AT THE HANGAR, MIKE COMES TO... BUT PLAYS FOSSUM --- !

YA GET IT ? IF DAN CAN COLD DECK THE DOUGH OUTA THE BOYS, O.K. ! IF HE CAN'T, HE KIDNAPS 'EM AND HOLDS 'EM FOR RANSOM ! THAT GUY IS SMOOTH AS SILK !

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE JOIK THAT'S FLYIN' THE PLANE ? IS HE IN ON IT ?



CAUTIOUSLY, INCH BY INCH, MIKE REACHES FOR--

DAN'S FIGGERIN' ON TROUBLE WITH THE PILOT SO... HE LET'S THE GUY TAKE ONE OF TWO PAPERS, ONE IS SUPPOSED TO SAY "YES" AND THE OTHER "NO"... HO-HO !



BUT HERE'S THE GAG ! **BOTH** OF THE PAPERS GOT "NO" ON 'EM ! NO MATTER WHICH ONE THE PILOT TAKES, HE'S GOTTA JUMP WITHOUT NO CHUTE ! HO HO !

BOTH GOT "NO" ON 'EM ? WHAT A LAUGH !



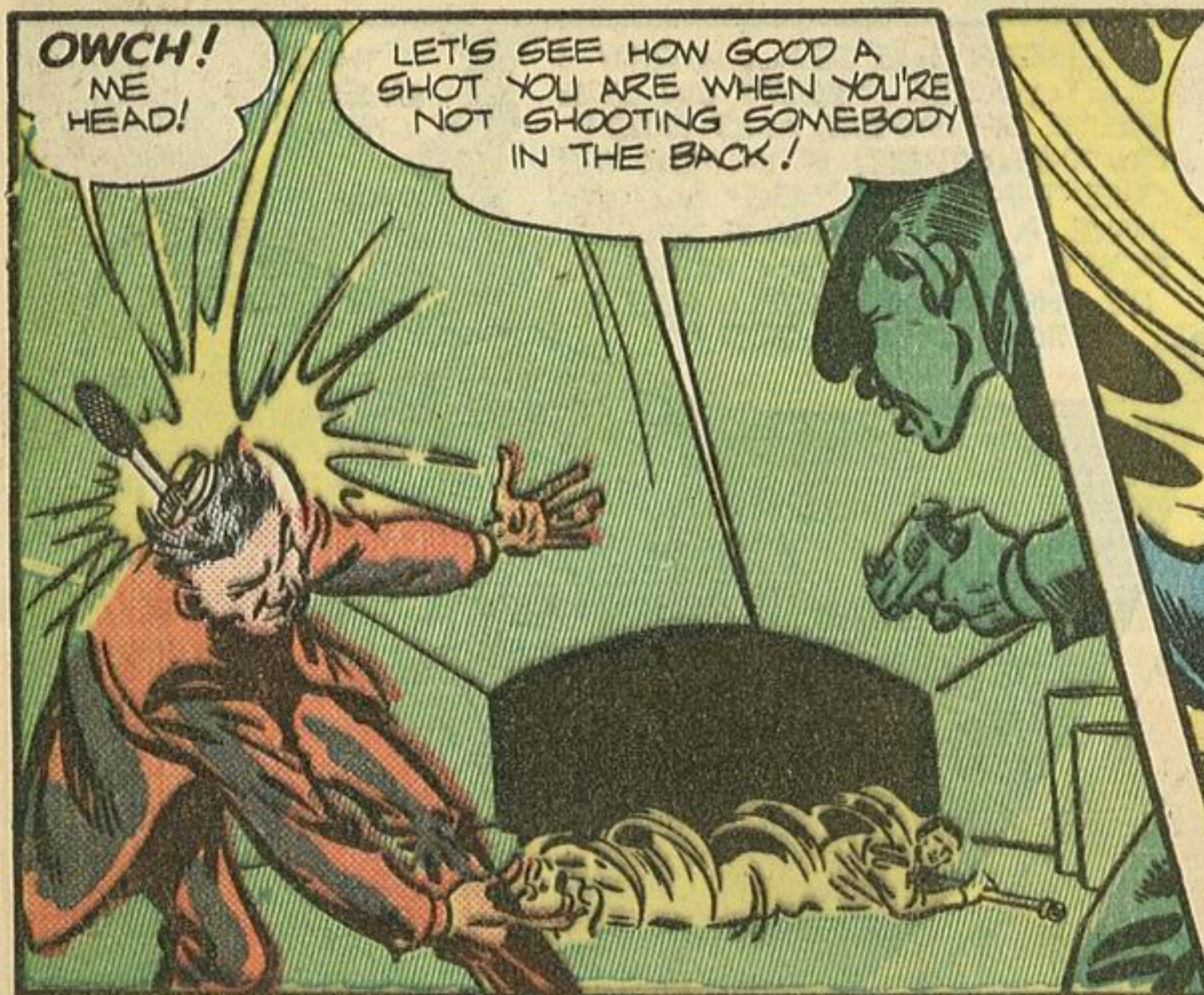
SUDDENLY, WITH BLINDING SPEED, MIKE GRABS AND--

YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSERS ! I'LL ---



OWCH ! ME HEAD !

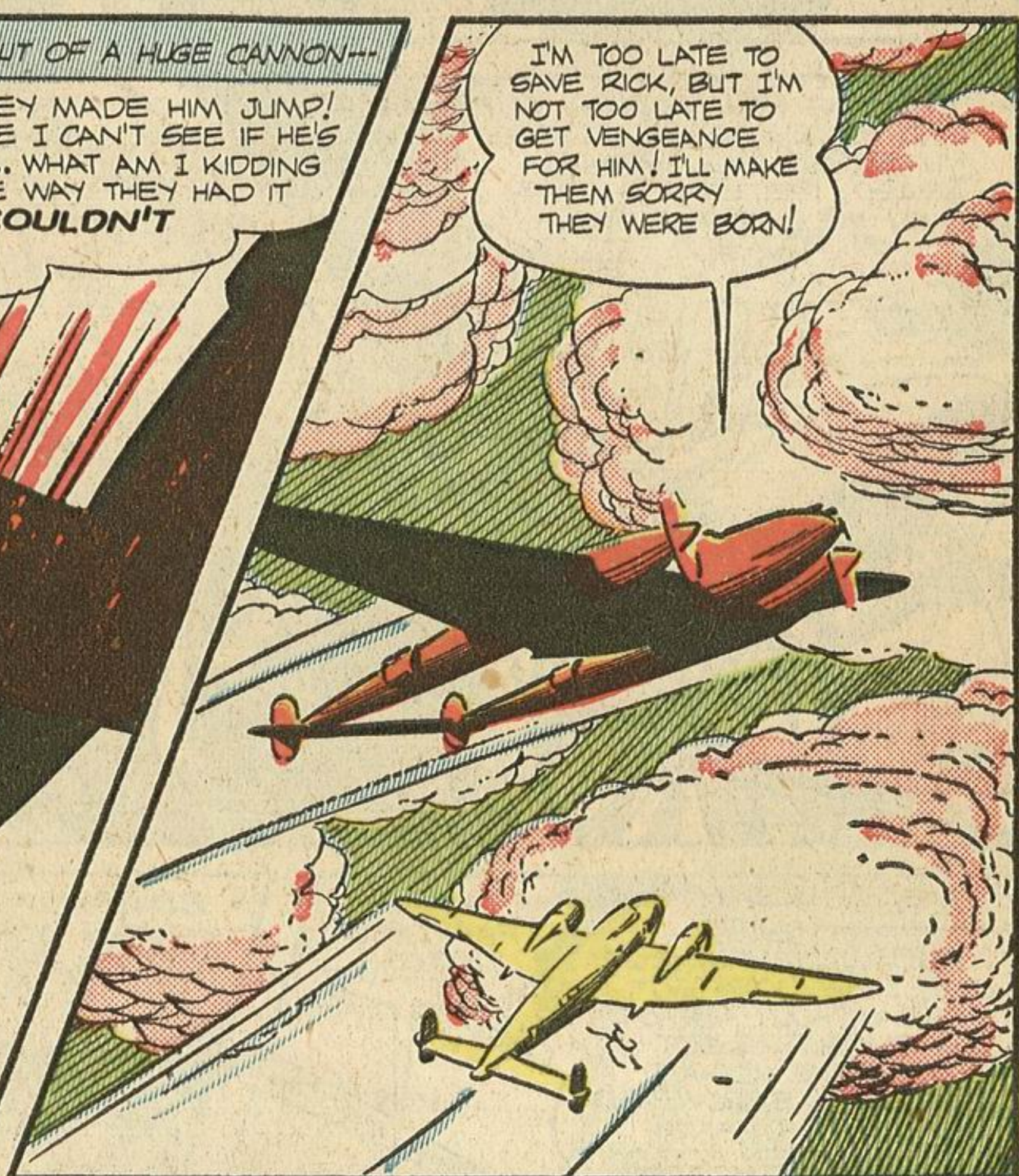
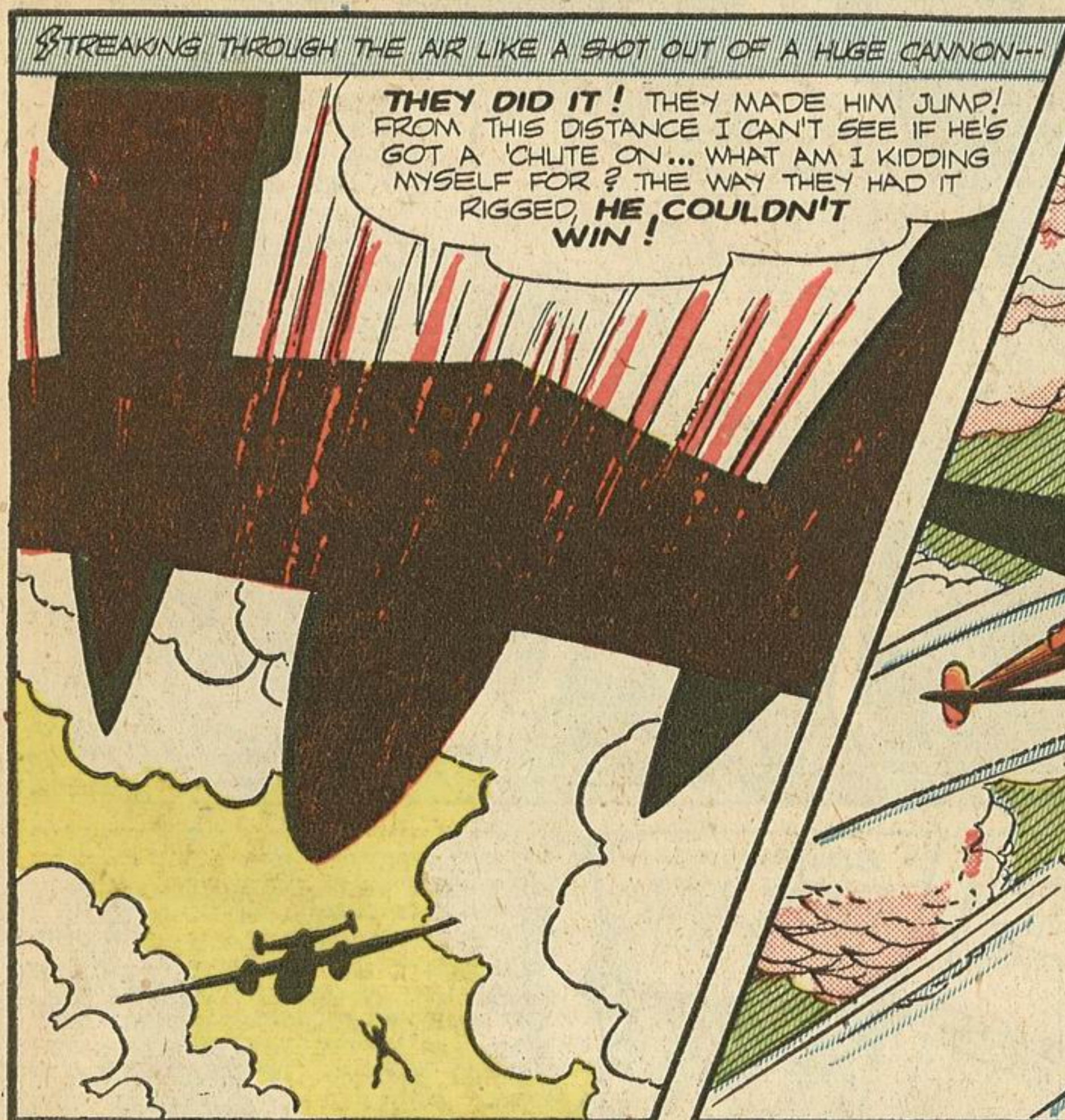
LET'S SEE HOW GOOD A SHOT YOU ARE WHEN YOU'RE NOT SHOOTING SOMEBODY IN THE BACK !



NOT SO GOOD ! JUST AS I THOUGHT ! RICK... IF I CAN ONLY CATCH UP WITH HIS PLANE... IF NOT, IT'S CURTAINS FOR HIM !





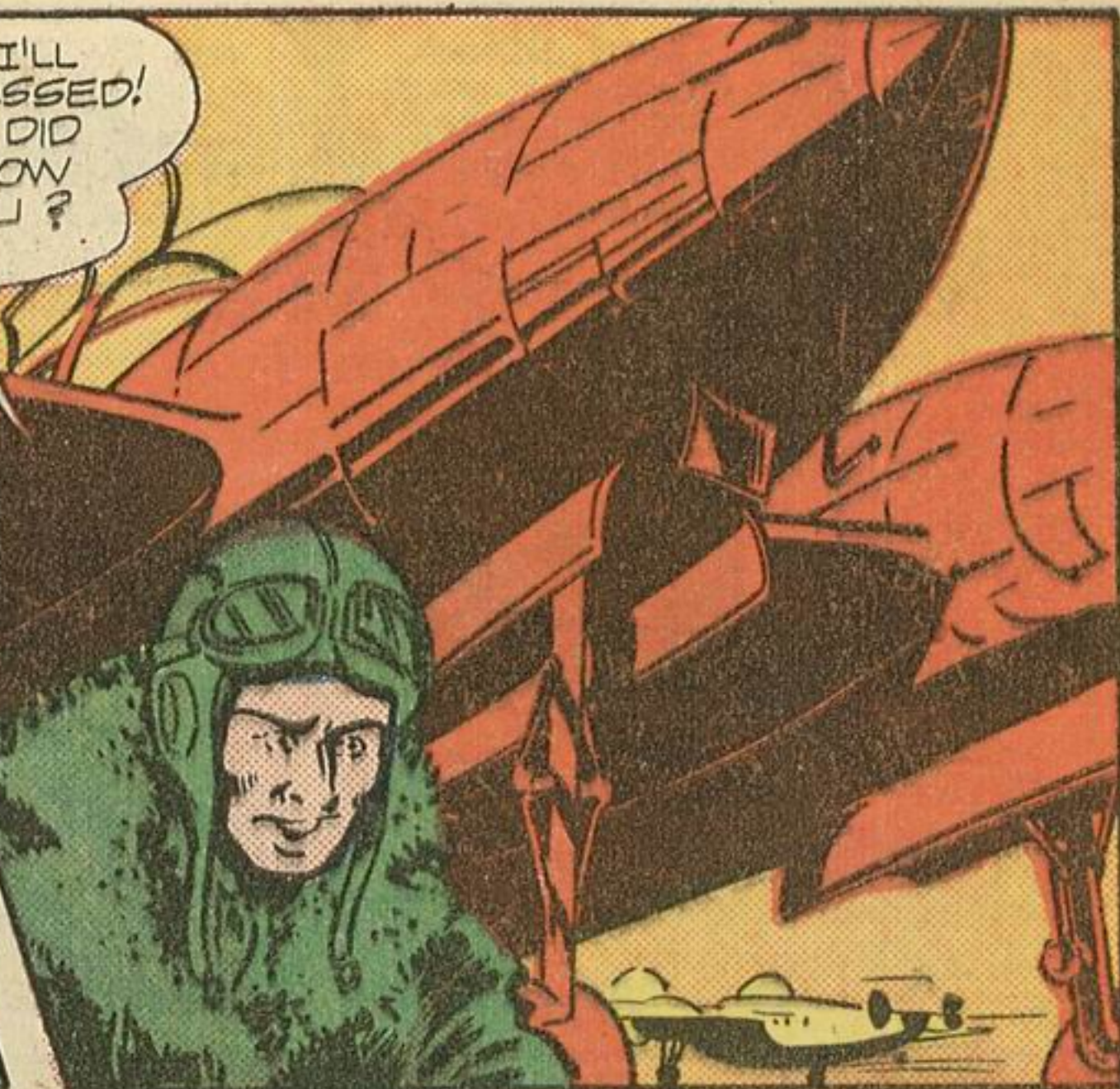




Mike, FIGHTING MAD, FORCES THE BIGGER PLANE DOWN AND DOWN!

GET DOWN WHERE YOU BELONG AND I'LL TEAR THE LOT OF YOU TO PIECES!

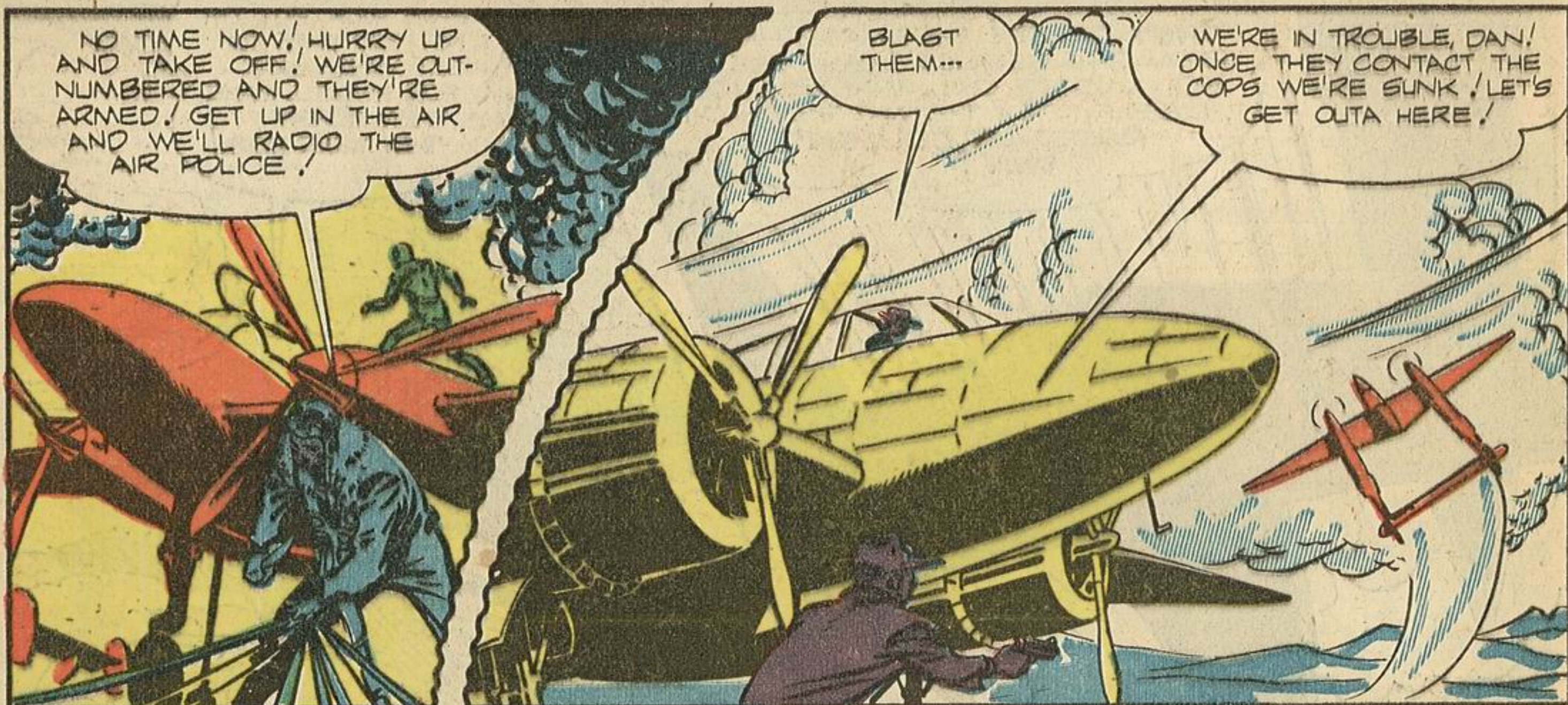
WELL, I'LL BE BLESSED! WHERE DID YOU... HOW DID YOU?



NO TIME NOW! HURRY UP AND TAKE OFF! WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED AND THEY'RE ARMED! GET UP IN THE AIR AND WE'LL RADIO THE AIR POLICE!

BLAST THEM...

WE'RE IN TROUBLE, DAN! ONCE THEY CONTACT THE COPS WE'RE SUNK! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



Later...

RELAX! OUR PLANE'S SAFE! THE COPS GOT THEM WITHOUT A SHOT! THE GAMBLERS GOT WISE TO THE KIDNAP GAG AND OVERPOWERED DAN AND HIS GANG BEFORE THEY COULD TAKE OFF!

FINE! FINE! BUT RICK---

BOTH SLIPS HAD THE WORD "NO" ON THEM! HOW DID YOU---

I FIGURED A SURE THING CHEAT LIKE DAN WOULDN'T GIVE ME A FIFTY-FIFTY BREAK! SO I TOOK ONE OF THE SLIPS. IT SAID "NO" ALL RIGHT. BUT I TORE IT UP AND SAID THAT IT READ "YES"! ONE OF THE GAMBLERS CHECKED BY LOOKING AT THE OTHER SLIP AND SURE ENOUGH IT SAID "NO"! THAT PROVED MY SLIP SAID "YES"! THAT'S HOW I GOT THE CHUTE!





# Lieutenant Hercules



LIEUTENANT HERCULES,  
---THAT HERO OF HEROES---  
THE MAN WHO CAN'T EVEN STOP  
HIMSELF---EMBARKS UPON THE  
MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE OF HIS  
CAREER WHEN HE MAKES THE  
MIGHTY WIZARD MERLIN TAKE HIM TO  
VISIT THE HEROES AND VILLAINS...

"In Comic  
Land!"

ART BY Ira Turner  
STORY BY H.L. Gold



Wizbur Klutz, who possesses the magic power of becoming Lieutenant Hercules... catches up on his book-keeping...

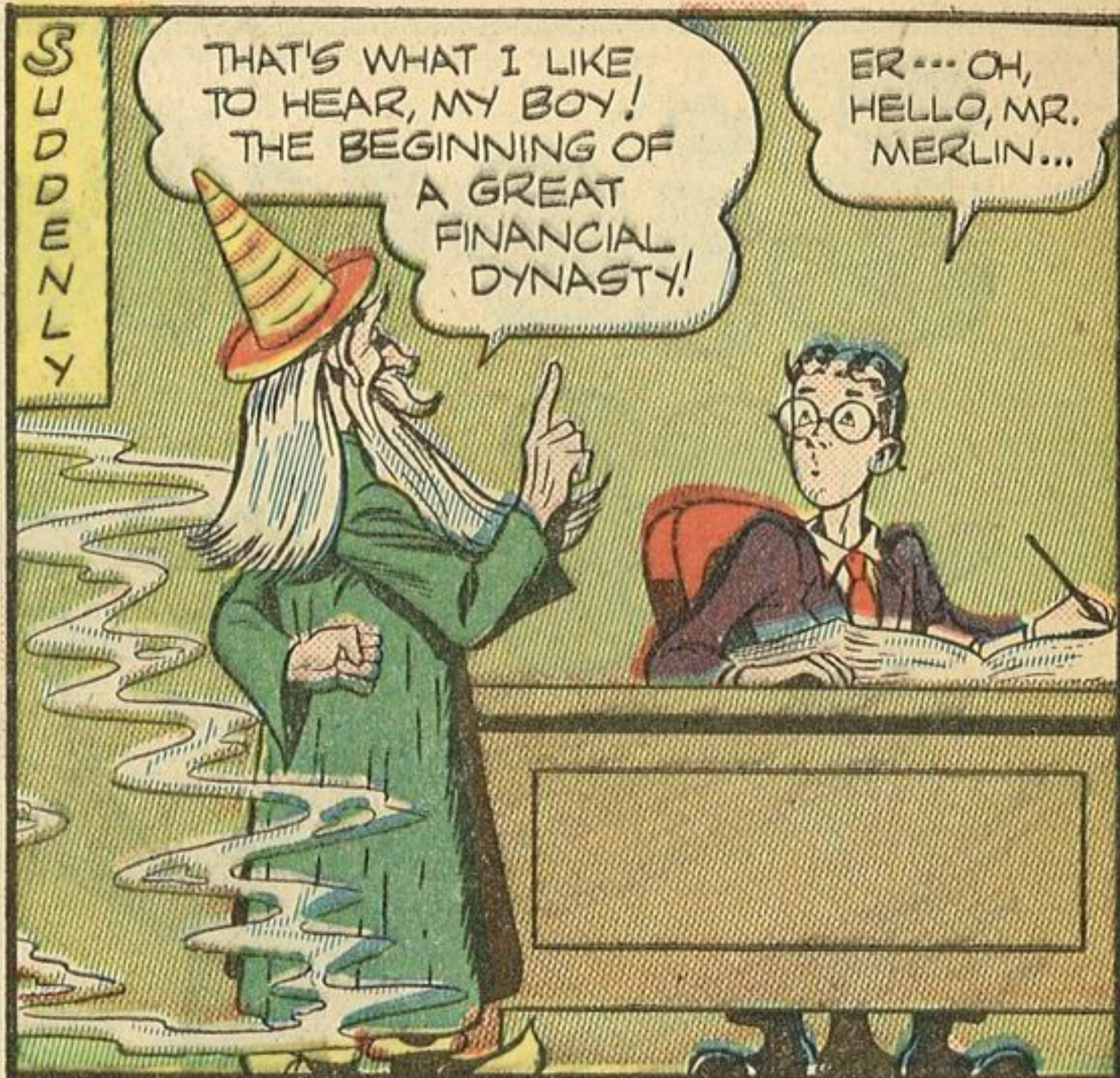
GOODNESS! I'VE DONE RATHER WELL THE PAST MONTH! I DO BELIEVE I CAN MAKE A PROFITABLE BUSINESS OUT OF THIS...



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THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR, MY BOY! THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT FINANCIAL DYNASTY!

ER... OH, HELLO, MR. MERLIN...



... YOU SURPRISED ME! I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE!

YOU ARE NEVER ALONE, MY BOY! I JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE ABOUT COLLECTING MY TEN PER CENT OF YOUR BUSINESS! YOU'RE DOING PRETTY WELL NOW--THANKS TO ME!



I WON'T DO IT! I DO ALL THE WORK AND YOU WANT TO COLLECT! IT--IT'S BLACK-MAIL!

NOW, LET'S NOT BE BITTER, MY BOY! IF YOU REFUSE, I'LL BANISH YOU TO COMIC LAND!



COMIC LAND? WHAT'S THAT?

OH, A PLACE WHERE ALL THESE SILLY HEROES DREAMED UP BY MERE MORTALS ARE TO BE FOUND!

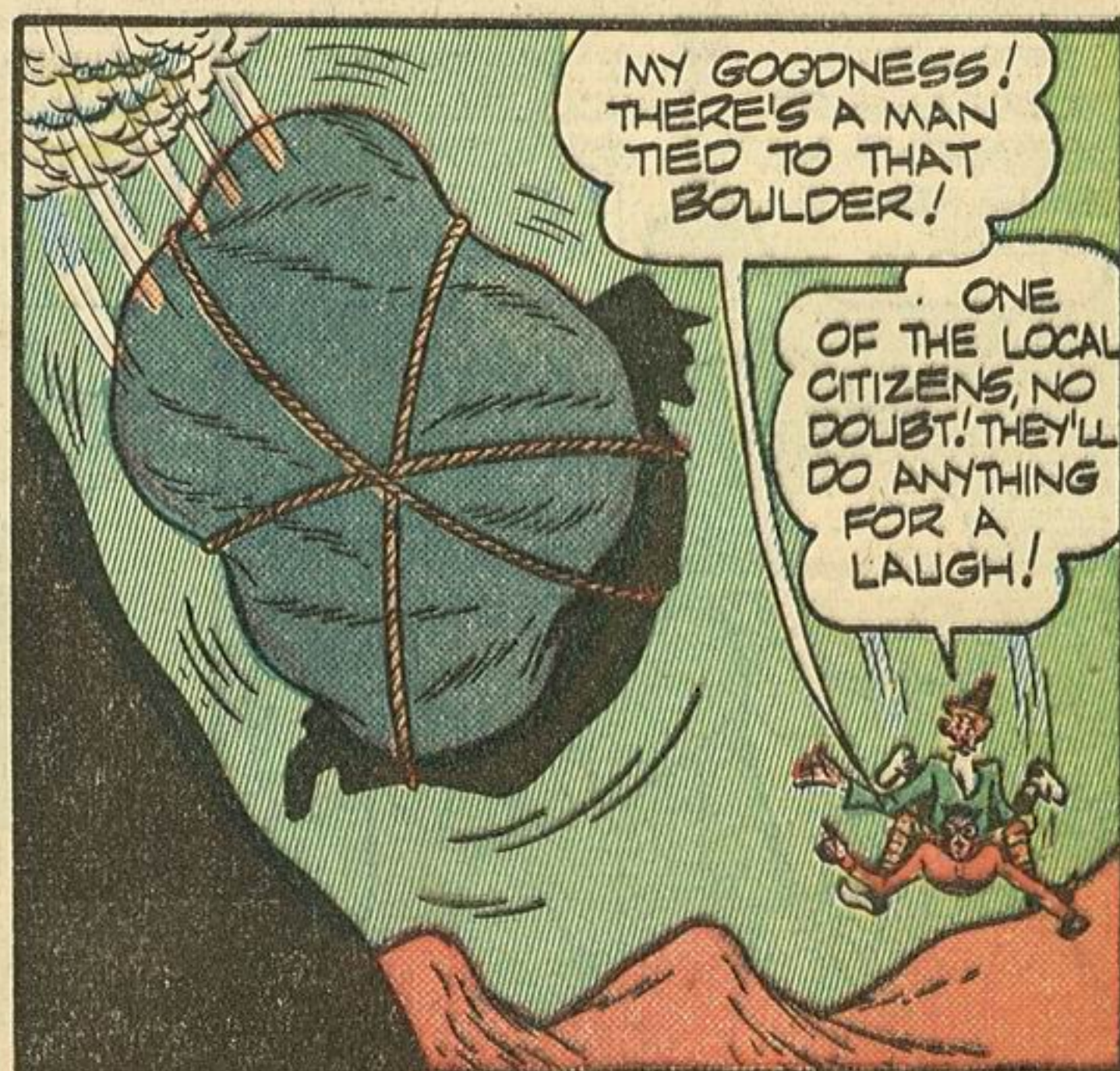


A VERY UNREAL PLACE! OH, IT'S NICE ENOUGH TO VISIT, BUT YOU WOULDN'T LIKE IT IF I BANISHED YOU THERE!

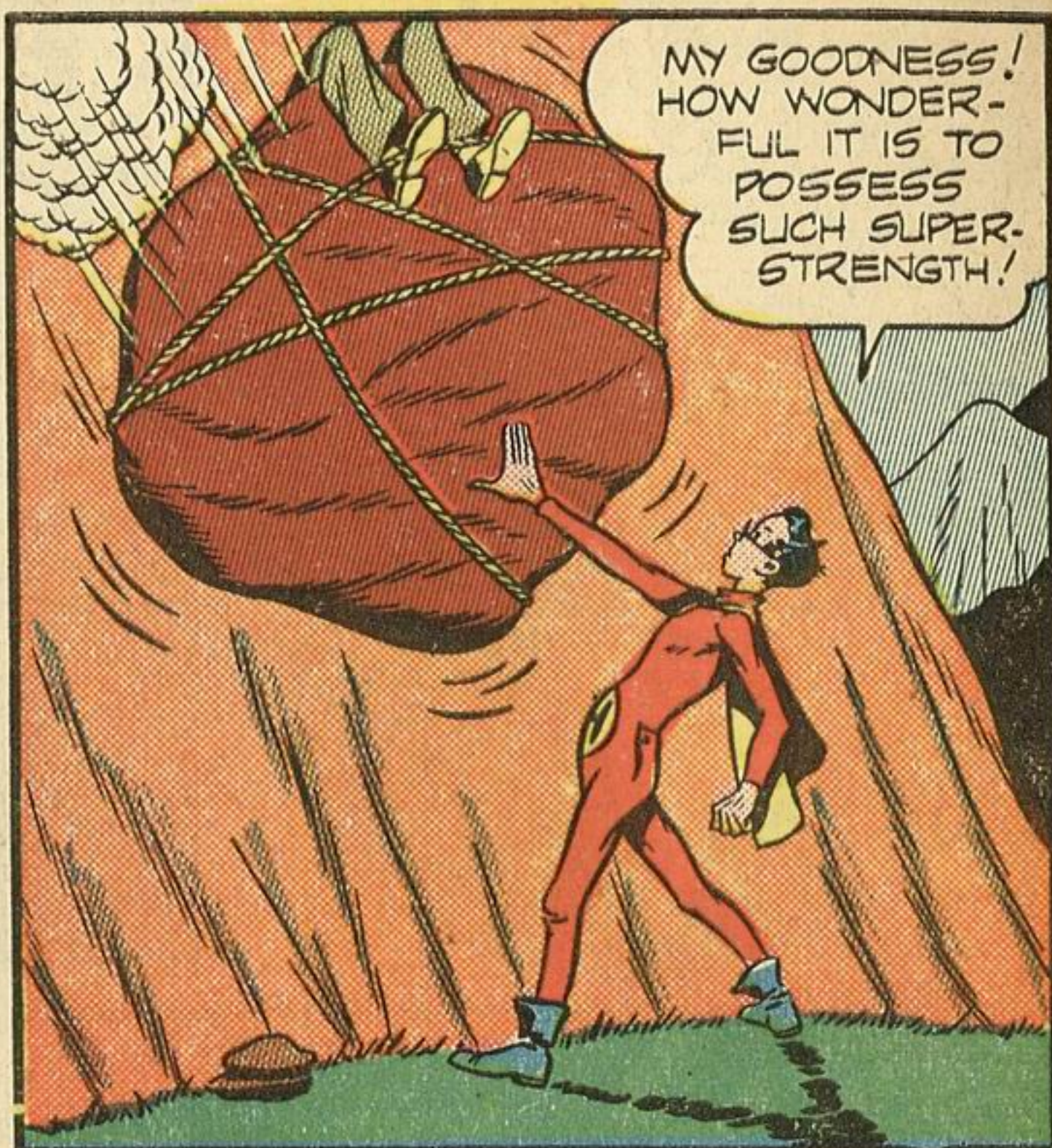
I'D LIKE TO SEE IT. I'LL LET YOU COLLECT TEN PERCENT IF YOU SHOW ME WHERE IT IS!















THE CHIN IS A TOUGH MAN, BUT I'LL BRING HIM BACK!

GEE, I BET YOU WILL AT THAT! I REMEMBER READING ABOUT YOU, MR. DACY!

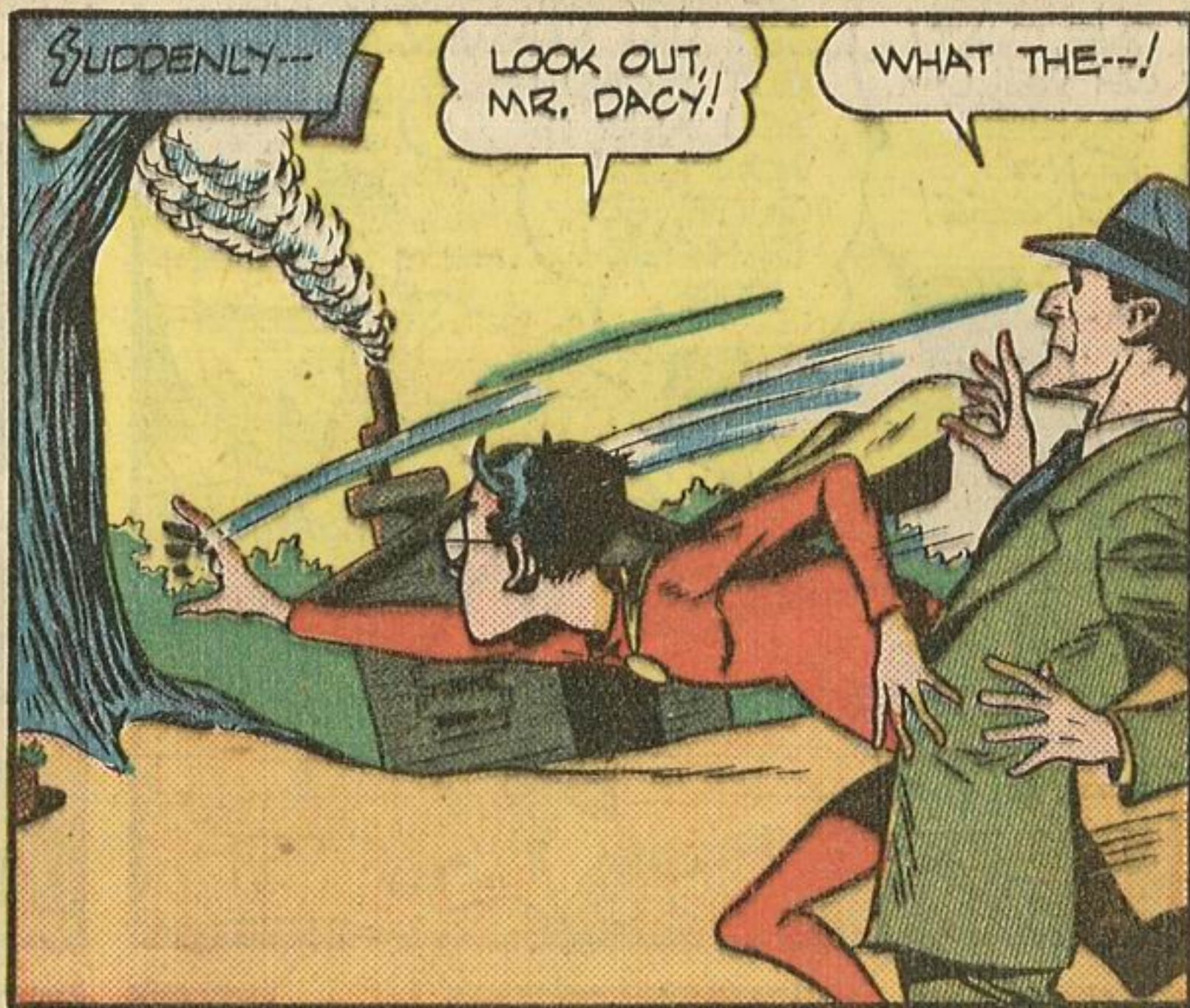


THERE'S WHERE THE CHIN IS HOLED UP! BE CAREFUL, LIEUTENANT! I DON'T WANT YOU INNOCENT BYSTANDERS TO GET HURT!

I'LL BE CAREFUL!



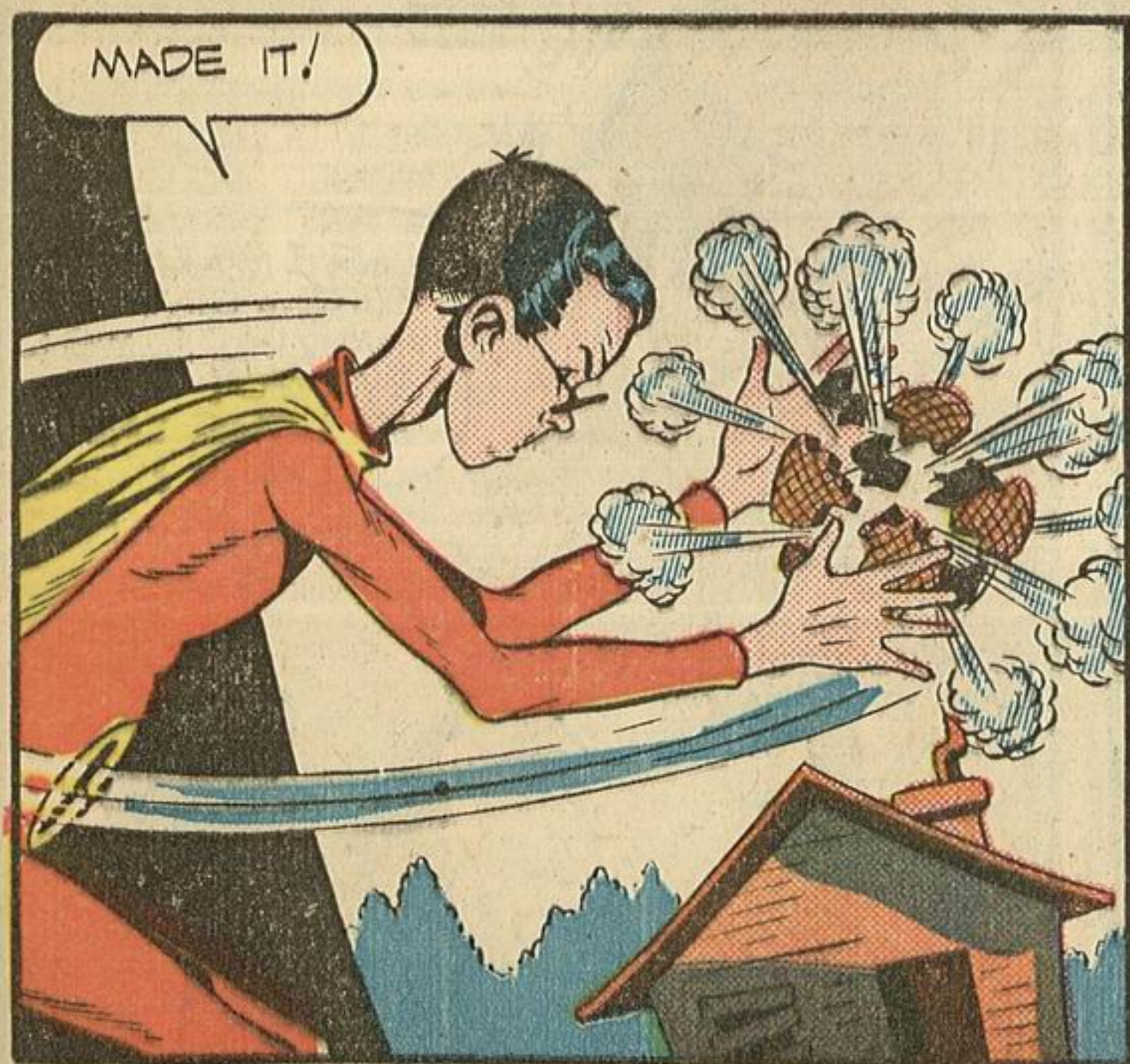
LOOK AT THAT! A PINE-APPLE! I DIDN'T THINK THEY WERE RIPE SO EARLY IN THE YEAR! I MUST HAVE THAT PINE-APPLE BEFORE I GO ON!



SUDDENLY--

LOOK OUT, MR. DACY!

WHAT THE--!



MADE IT!

USING HIS SUPER-STRENGTH, LIEUTENANT HERCULES FORCES THE PIECES OF THE BOMB BACK TOGETHER----

AMAZING, MY DEAR FELLOW! HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT WAS A BOMB AND NOT THE PINEAPPLE IT APPEARED TO BE!

WHY... PINE-APPLES DON'T GROW ON TREES! AND IN DETECTIVE STORIES, THEY ALWAYS CALL BOMBS PINE-APPLES!



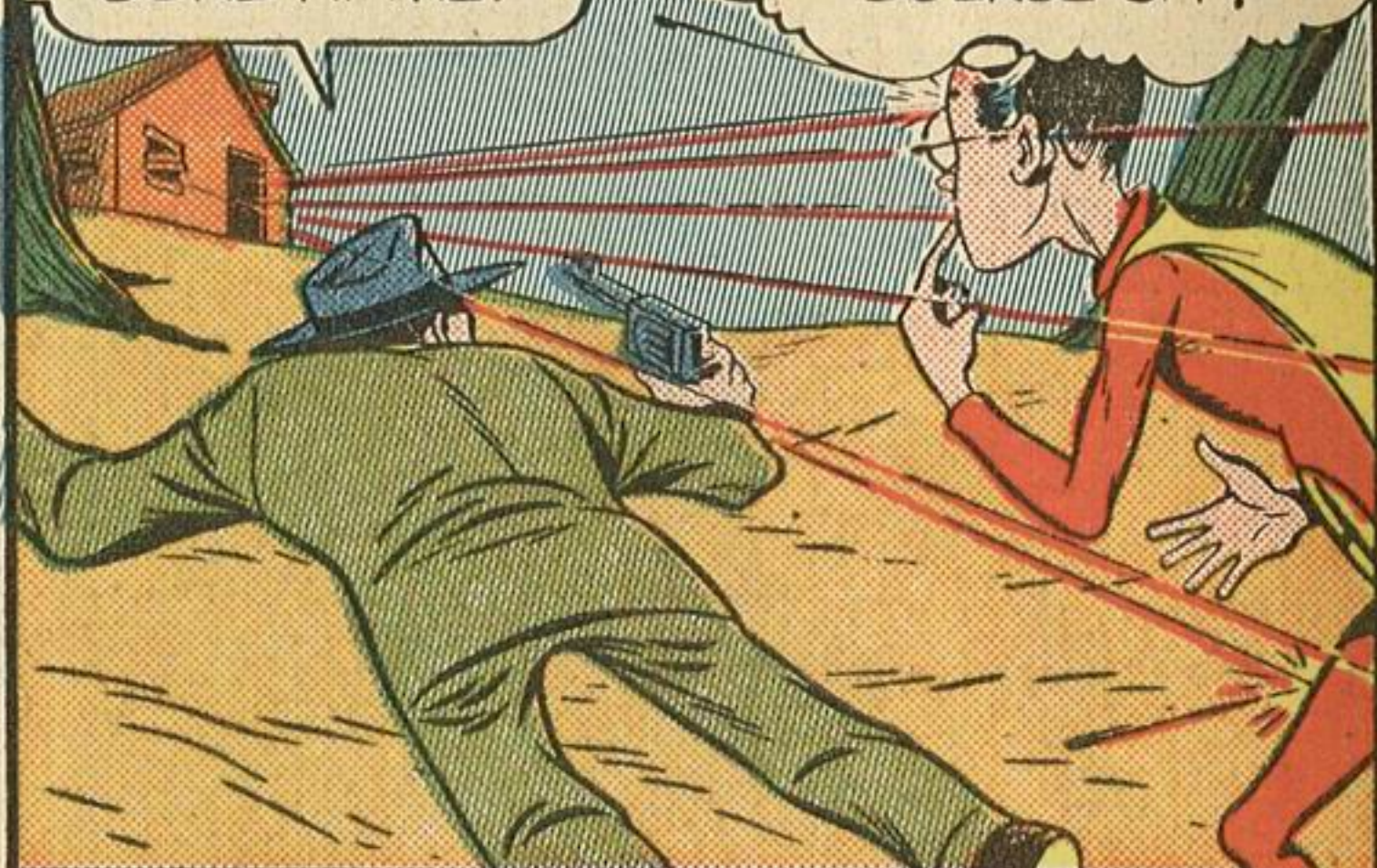


SIMPLY AMAZING! BUT THEN, I SUPPOSE YOU AMATEURS HAVE MORE TIME TO LEARN SUCH THINGS! WELL, WE MUST GET THE **CHIN**!

BY THE WAY, MR. DACY, WHAT HAS THIS **CHIN** DONE?

ALL SORTS OF FOUL CRIMES, LIEUTENANT! I CAN'T TELL YOU HERE OR MY NEWSPAPER MIGHT GET SORE AT ME!

DEAR ME! I WISH I COULD STOP FLINCHING! BUT I KEEP THINKING THE NEXT BULLET MIGHT NOT BOUNCE OFF!



A CLOSE ONE, THAT! OH WELL... DANGER IS MY BUSINESS!

OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU'LL GET HIM ANYWAY, MR. DACY, BUT I CAN HELP YOU AND IT WON'T BE QUITE SO DANGEROUS!



I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



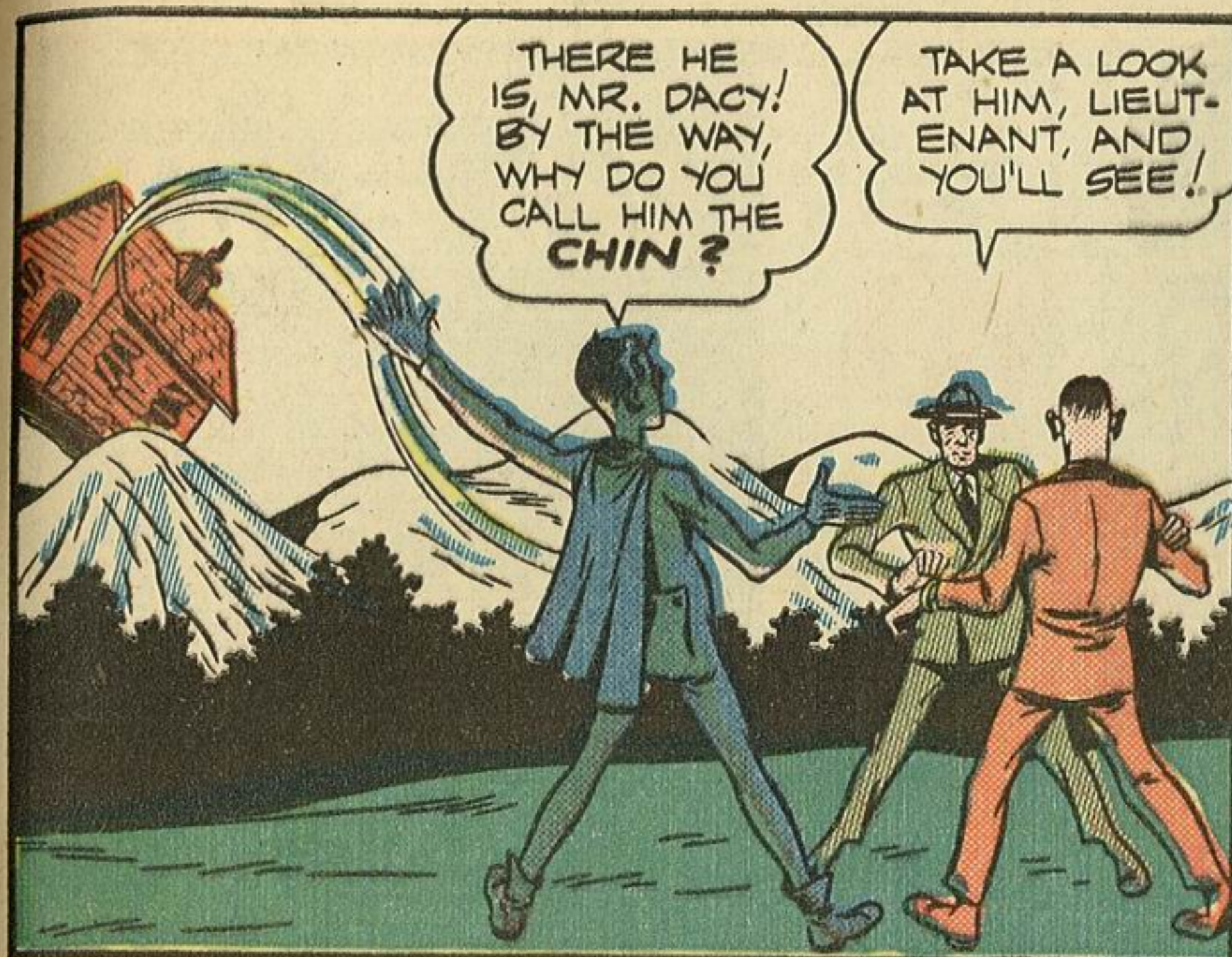
NOW, THEN, ALL WE HAVE TO DO--



AS I SAID BEFORE... SIMPLY AMAZING!... WELL, I'VE GOT YOU AT LONG LAST, **CHIN**!

...IS SHAKE THE CRIMINAL OUT AND YOU CAN TAKE HIM IN!









*It's EASY  
to  
Win Her!*

**...when You Know How!**

**READ for YOURSELF!**

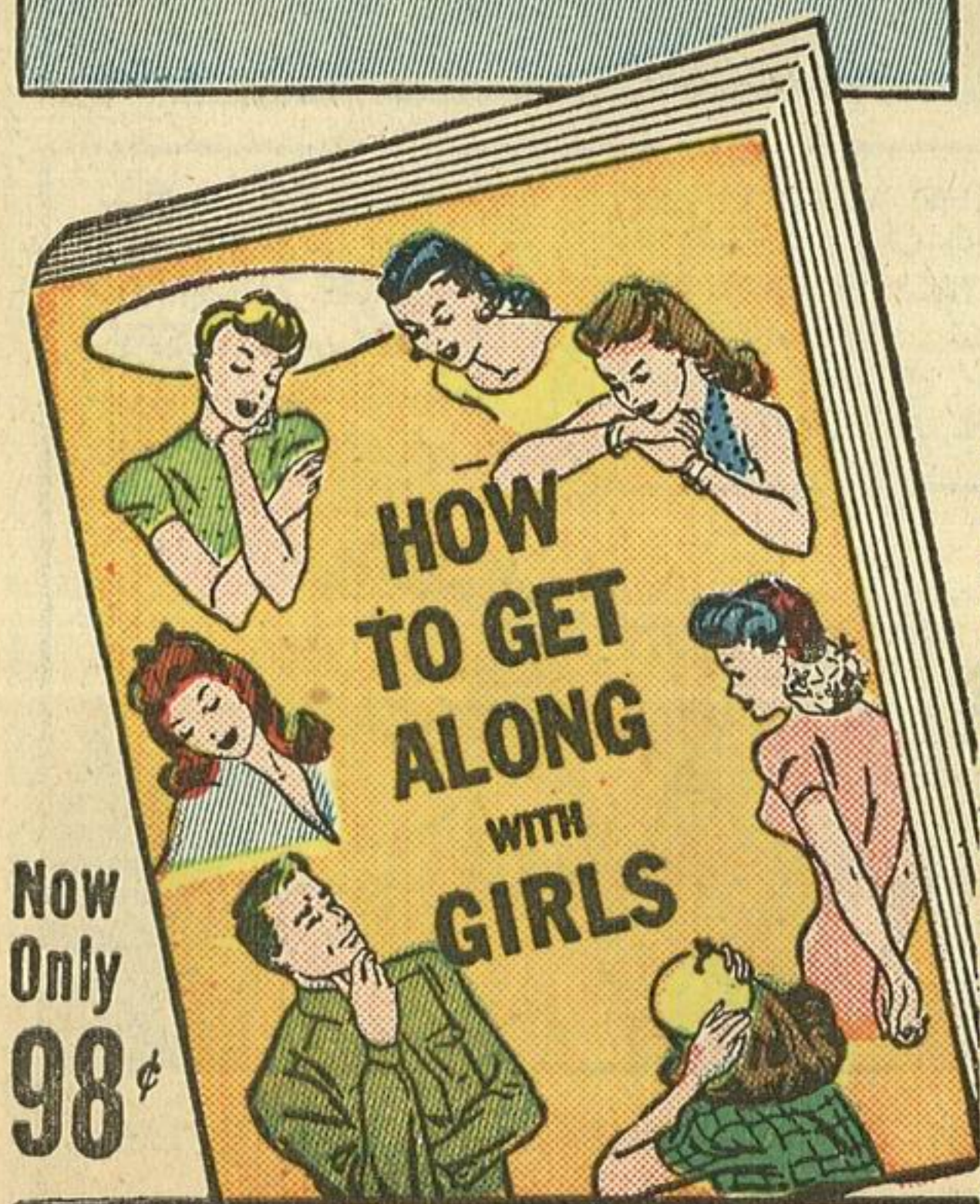
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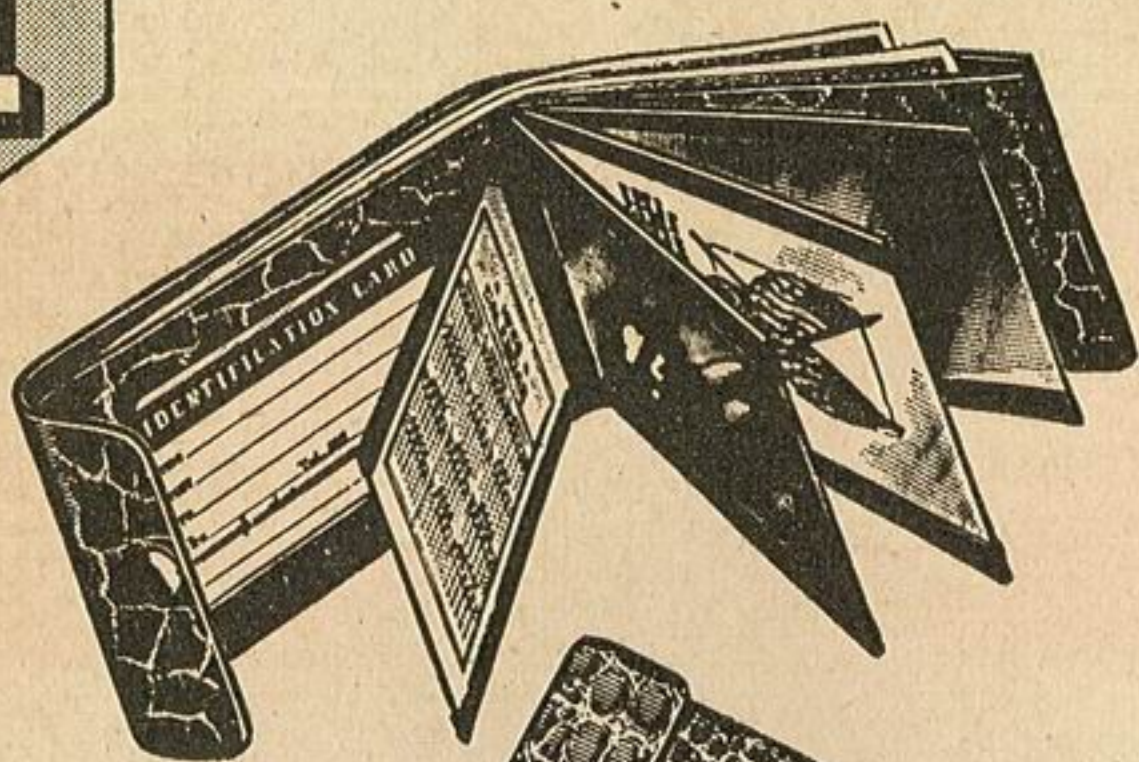
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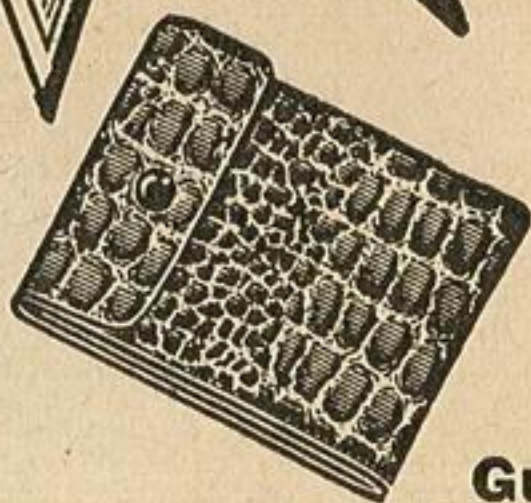
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Here without a doubt is the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that is being offered today. This smart Alligator Grain Calfskin Billfold is a masterpiece of Billfold design and workmanship. There's a place for everything. The Pass Case, with its 4 celluloid protected pockets, has ample room for cards, passes, lodge and all identification cards. The Wallet has a generous currency compartment in the back and windows for snapshots and identification cards.

2

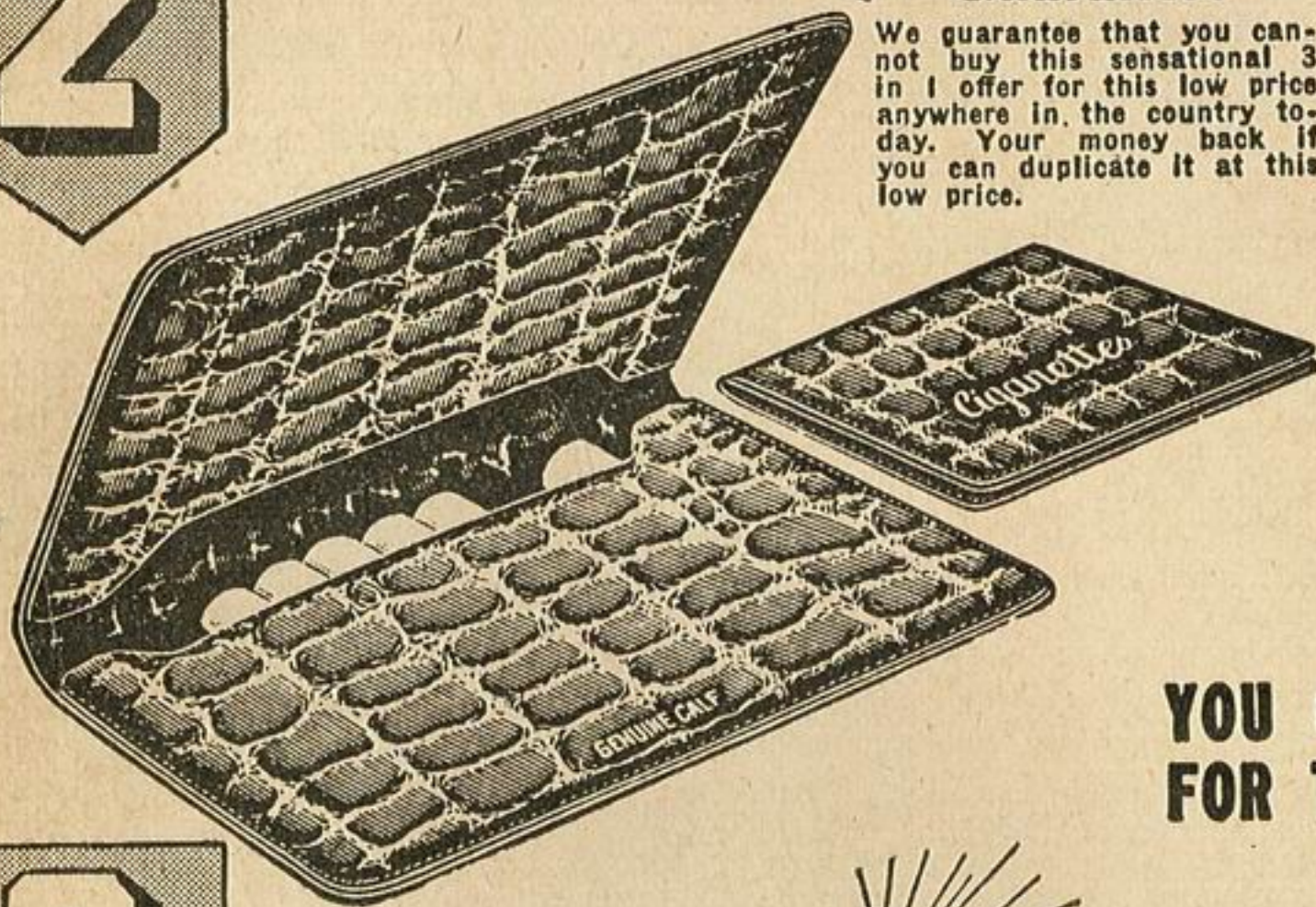


#### Guarantee

We guarantee that you cannot buy this sensational 3 in 1 offer for this low price anywhere in the country today. Your money back if you can duplicate it at this low price.

### \$1.50 Value Smart Alligator Grain Matching Calfskin Cigarette Case

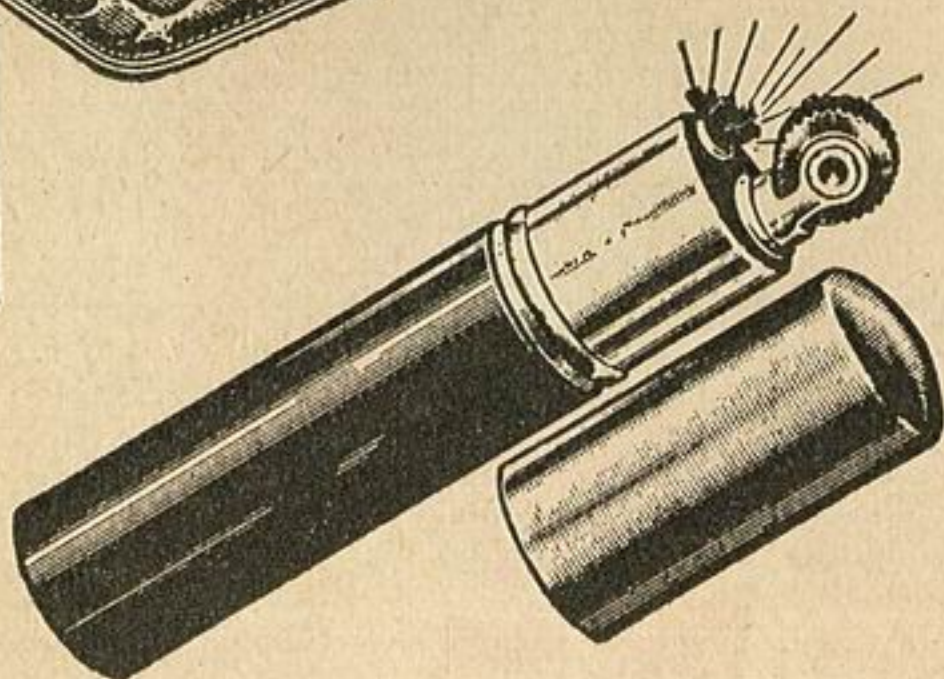
The handsome Cigarette Case is a fitting companion piece to the Billfold described above. It's made from the same smart Alligator Grain Calfskin and is made to hold a full package of TWENTY CIGARETTES. Each Cigarette Case is reinforced with a hidden metal reinforcement that holds the case in shape and prevents your cigarettes from bending or breaking. The case fits neatly into your vest pocket or breast pocket without bulging.



### 50¢ Value Famous CIGAR LIGHTER

Cigarette Lighters have been plenty scarce. Virtually none have been manufactured for several years now and we feel fortunate in offering you the famous-prewar type, all metal FLAMEMASTER lighter in a beautiful matched two-tone finish. Measuring only 2 5/8 inches in length, this "fool-proof" lighter works unflinching. Just a few drops of fluid and your lighter is ready for months of carefree, unflinching service.

3



## YOU GET \$4.00 WORTH OF QUALITY MERCHANDISE FOR THE AMAZING LOW PRICE OF ONLY \$1.98

Men everywhere ask us how we can make this sensational 3 in 1 offer for such a low price! Tremendous buying power is the answer. More than 1,000,000 satisfied customers have bought and are using our Billfolds. Don't be misled by the low price! We guarantee this to be \$4.00 value or we want you to return the Billfold, Cigarette Case and Cigarette Lighter and get your money back in full. You are to be the sole judge. If this sounds to you like a fair, honest-to-goodness, man to man offer—and we're sure you'll agree it does—then fill out the coupon below and rush it to us. We'll ship your smart Alligator Grain Calfskin Billfold, the matching Cigarette Case, and the FLAMEMASTER Lighter, all for \$1.98 plus a few cents COD Charges.

HERE'S A USEFUL BEAUTIFUL GIFT THAT WILL GLADDEN THE HEART OF THAT BOY IN SERVICE!



Ask any service man what gifts are most appreciated and you'll find that a Billfold, Cigarette Case and a Lighter are high on the list of most wanted and most useful articles. Imagine how pleased any boy would be to receive all three at one time in a matching set such as this. A gift to last for years and one he'll remember always.

**SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!**

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3214  
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please rush me the complete set of smart Alligator Grain Calfskin Billfold, the matching Cigarette Case and the FLAMEMASTER Lighter COD for only \$1.98 plus 15c Federal Tax on Billfold only and few cents postage. I must be more than pleased or I will return in 10 days for full refund.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY & ZONE ..... STATE .....

☐ I enclose \$1.98 plus 15c Federal Tax with my order to save all shipping charges. Ship the 3 articles to me all postage charges prepaid.



# How to Make YOUR Body Bring You **FAME**

... Instead of **SHAME!**

**ARE YOU  
Skinny?  
Weak?  
Flabby?**

Will You Let Me  
Prove I Can Make You  
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

## What Dynamic Tension Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps — yes, on each arm — in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day — right in your own home — is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

## Only 15 Minutes A Day

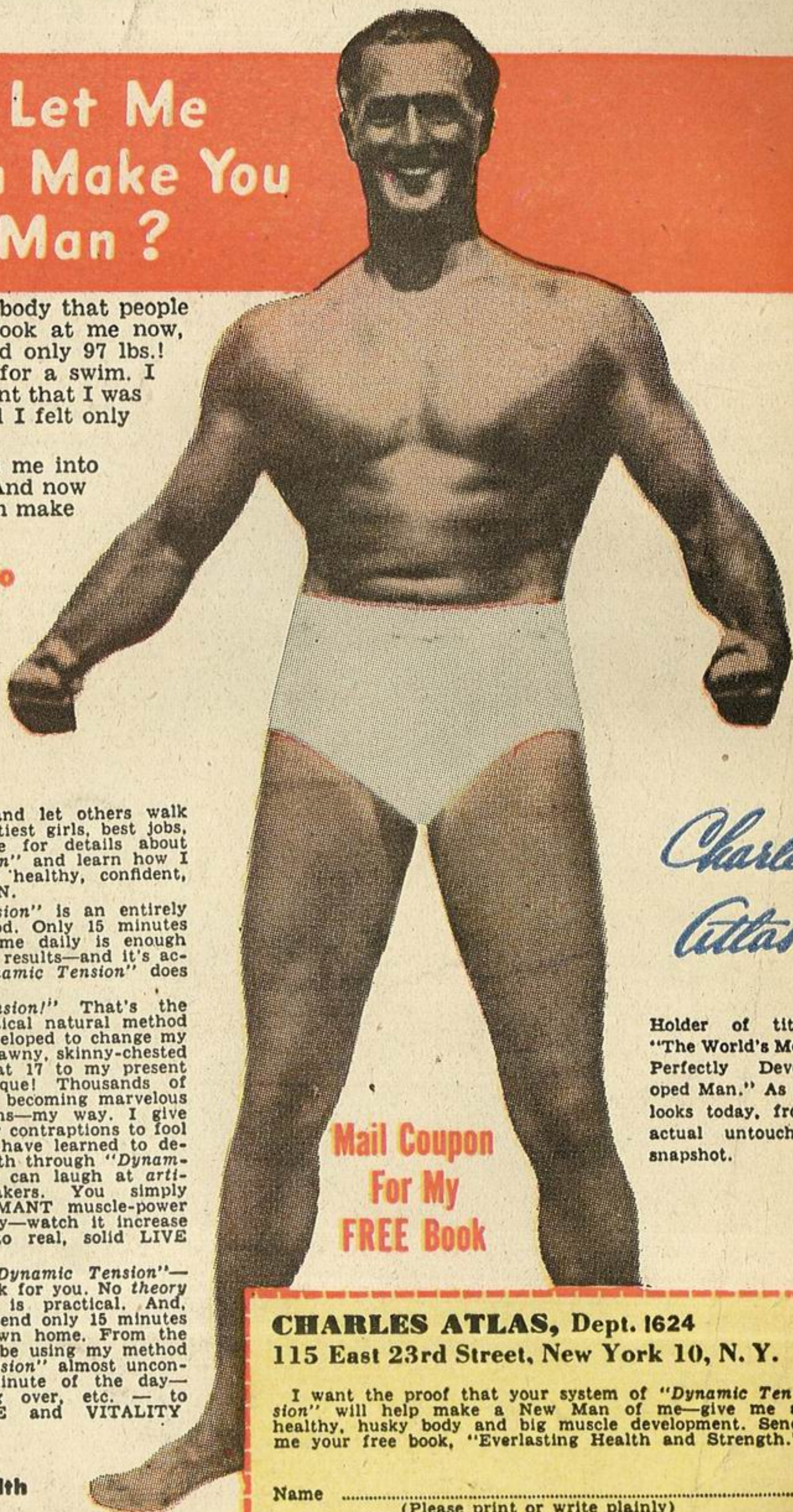
No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepleps? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc. — to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY



*Charles  
Atlas*

Holder of title,  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Devel-  
oped Man." As he  
looks today, from  
actual untouched  
snapshot.

Mail Coupon  
For My  
FREE Book

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1624**  
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

## FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today, AT ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1624 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

